

DISCORDER

super-big to school issue! 1993 free
back september

that total goombah magazine from citr 101.9

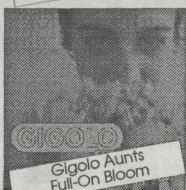
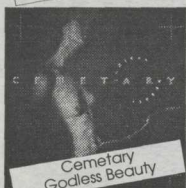
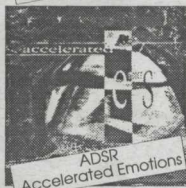
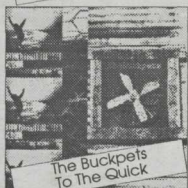
wool • x • mercury rev • nomeansno • billy preston

**BACK TO
COOL!**



Watch out for
HARD-ONS
09/06 @ harpo's
09/10 @ town pump
SUPERSUCKERS
09/28 @ harpo's
09/29 @ town pump

ALL & MY NAME
coming in November...



BETTER GRADES WITH CARGO RECORDS

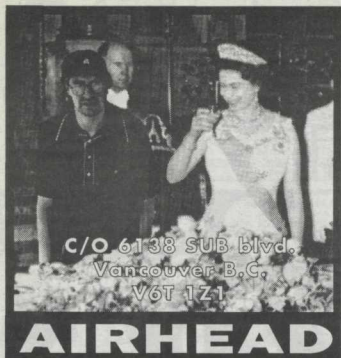
BOOM COMPACT DISCS



Welcomes You Back To School



2003 W. 4TH AVE. VAN. BC. 739-9511



Dear Airhead,

I was quick to find out that *Disorder* doesn't have a classified ad section earlier today. I do, however, have something that I would like to bring to the attention of the students of your lovely campus. In an attempt to get to as many people as possible, could I ask that you print this in your column so that we can find the proper individual for a part-time position with our company?

MCA Records Canada seeks a "part-time service representative" who can make available up to 10 (ten) hours a week.

- REQUIREMENTS:
- must own your own car.
 - have a passion for all types of music.
 - good communication skills.
 - a strong desire to learn about the music business.

Those interested can send a resume to:

MCA Records Canada
#103-3031 Viking Way
Richmond, B.C.
V6V 1W1
Attn: Branch Manager

NO PHONE INQUIRES PLEASE!

We are really keen to find the right person for this position and it would be great if you could include this information in your column this issue. As you probably know, jobs like this are far and few between so the more applicants we get from reading your column, the better the individual will be able to service your paper and your radio station.

Thank you in advance,
Tim Tamachiro
Marketing Representative
MCA Records Canada

Dear Disorder,

Hello, I'm the host of *Beaver Country*, the only Canadian Music show in Los Angeles, at KSCR 104.7 FM (USC College radio). I play indie, alternative & roots music from across Canada, and I'm always looking for more material. If you know of any bands

that might be interested in getting L.A. airplay, they can reach me at 830 Childways, Suite 716, Los Angeles, CA 90089

Brian Adams need not apply.

Thanks for being groovy,
Tom "Big Joe Muffaraw" Hayden

Dear Disorder,

In response to Wendy Young's letter regarding facts about Cub and her two word description of said band ("They

suck!"). I can only assume that Wendy leads a somewhat shallow and sorry life. And it's because of this that I can only feel sorry for her. Such letters wreak of jealousy and when written with a such lack of literacy than I can only think of someone who maybe lacks any sort of a vocabulary in which to truly express one's self. Come on Wendy, tell us what you really think, quit beating around the bush. While I admit that Cub's act may not be for everyone and that's what's great about this world Wendy, one cannot deny their popularity at this moment. They have sold thousands of records, which is more than you or me. They have held audiences in the palm of their collective hands at the second stage at the Canada Day celebration at Thunderbird Stadium as well as a highly entertaining show recently at the Commodore Ballroom opening for Shadow Men.

It seems to me that far too many people are trying far too hard to figure this whole Cub thing out. What's to figure out? A portion of the world's population, don't worry Wendy, it's a small one (people in Australia haven't heard of Cub) happen to enjoy Cub for what they are, FUN. And hey, Wendy wouldn't it be wacky if we could all get a little more fun in our otherwise boring lives, then agains maybe you're working on a cure for cancer or solving world peace and have all the fun you can handle.

As far as *Disorder* being a propaganda machine for Cub, their popularity in Calgary, Toronto or New York has little if nothing to do with *Disorder* magazine. *Disorder* could only ever hope to be that powerful, leave the popularity propaganda to *Spin* or *Rolling Stone*, they've pretty much sewn that one up tight. So *Disorder* writes and article on Cub, so what? They also wrote articles about Krevis, Supereconductor, Pacifier and a host of other local bands and isn't that what a local rag should concentrate on - local musicians. Maybe you'd prefer another article on Ministry, Nirvana or Porno for Pyros, Wendy.

So look Wendy, you don't like Cub, that's fine, I just of people don't like you but they're not writing in to tell the world about it. The success of Cub really has nothing to do with you and why, you wasted a stamp to say only a few pointless words makes me wonder even more as to your motives for sending the letter in the first place. Wendy, go get your own guitar and start your own band and I promise not to say you suck.

Really,
Garnet Harry

Well put, Garnet. But before other nasty letters start pouring into *Airhead* complaining or complementing Cub, there are a few things which need to be written first. *Airhead* will not be the forum for a monthly barrage of insults, cross-insults, cross-cross-insults and

death threats involving either local bands or authors. *Airhead* is the sole domain of insulting us.

Now, Wendy King did make an allegation in her article which was true: that is the members of Cub and *Disorder* have been known to frequent some of the same drinking establishments together, where in fact it is not uncommon to find a Mr. Garnet Harry, the King of Kitsilano.

However, this nefarious association does not invalidate the fact that Cub is among Vancouver's most popular bands, (indeed, in the month of August alone, they played over forty shows and before approximately 120,000 people). And it is this popularity which prompted *Disorder* to acknowledge their achievements, and not any "incestuous" liaisons.

And as to our running an *Airhead* letter from one of our columnists, while it is unusual and should not be done on a regular basis, Garnet's letter did strike home a very important point; namely, that the readers of *Disorder* should not be able to embrace every band which we run an article. Hell, not even the over-the-top Mofo can honestly make this claim.

We here at *Disorder* only strive for one thing, understanding; actually make that two things, community and understanding; well actually, make that three things, we strive for community, understanding and, of course, family values.



COWSHEAD CHRONICLES

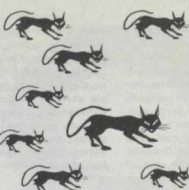
"He may feel all your charms. He may hold you in his arms. But in the one who let you in, I was right beside you then"
HOT BURRITO #1
THE FLYING
BURRITO BROTHERS

SHE'S ASLEEP IN THE OTHER ROOM AND I CAN HEAR HER BREATHING. I CAN'T SLEEP WITH ALL THAT'S HAPPENED TODAY. I WAITED FOR NIGHT TO COME IN THE HOPE THAT THE DARKNESS WOULD HIDE EVERYTHING I'M SO SCARED OF BUT SOMEHOW IT JUST MADE IT ALL COME MORE INTO FOCUS. I CAN HEAR HER ROLLING OVER. MAYBE SHE'LL NOTICE THAT I'M NOT THERE AND GET UP AND FIND ME HERE IN THE KITCHEN, JUST STARING OUT THE WINDOW, WONDERING ACROSS THE WAY IN ANOTHER BUILDING I CAN SEE SOMEONE STANDING NEAR THEIR WINDOW AND I WONDER IF THEY'RE LIKE ME OR IF THEY JUST FELT COMPELLED TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW AT THAT MOMENT AND HAVE SEEN ME. I HOLD UP MY HAND AS IF TO WAVE AND THEY WAVE BACK THEN TURN AWAY AS IF TO LEAVE ME ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS. THE BIKERS THAT USUALLY HANG OUT AT THE COFFEE PLACE DOWN ON THE CORNER HAVE ALL GONE HOME AND FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER I MISS THEM. WITHOUT THE SOUND OF THEIR BIKES AND TALKING I FEEL THOROUGHLY ALONE EVEN THOUGH I'VE NEVER EVEN SAID A WORD TO THEM AND HAVE OFTEN WISHED THEY WERE GONE. FROM THE OTHER ROOM I CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE RADIO TUNED INTO SOME SEATTLE ROCK STATION WE BOTH LIKE EVEN THOUGH ALL THEY PLAY IS TOP FORTY AND OLD SEVENTIES ROCK BUT SOMEHOW THE 'WISCOOL GRABBING A GLASS OUT OF THE CUPBOARD I POUR MYSELF A GLASS OF WATER AND DRINK IT DOWN QUICKLY. WALKING BACK INTO THE OTHER ROOM I SEE HER SLEEPING ON HER SIDE WITH THE COVERS ONLY HALF ON HER AND HER BACK EXPOSED AND I WONDER IF SHE EVEN KNOWS I'M STILL HERE AND IF SHE AWOKES AND FOUND ME GONE IF SHE WOULD BE SURPRISED. I GO TO THE STEREO AND TURN IT DOWN BUT NOT OFF AND SLIP A BACK INTO BED NEXT TO HER BUT ON MY BACK EYES HARD ON THE CEILING. I REACH OVER WITHOUT LOOKING AND TOUCH HER BARE SHOULDER AND SHE RESPONDS BY GRABBING MY HAND AND PULLING ME UP NEXT TO HER. "I DIDN'T MEANT TO WAKE YOU" I SAY.

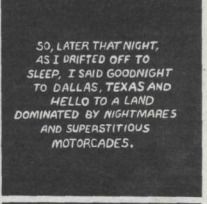
"THAT'S OKAY" SHE SAYS. "I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO GET BACK INTO BED."

GTB

"WHAT IS THE SOUND OF ONE CAR CRASHING?" ASKED THE MASTER.
 "THE SUN CITY GIRLS!" RESPONDED THE STUDENT. THE MASTER PROMPTLY TREATED HIM TO A KINDLY BLOW TO THE HEAD WITH HIS BIG STICK.
 IF YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, IT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU DON'T BOTH. THE GIRLS' VOICES WERE MUCH, THEIR MUSIC MAY VERY WELL BE THE LONG LOST NINTH ITEM OF THE EIGHTFOLD PATH TO ENLIGHTENMENT. NOBODY KNOWS... OR CARES. TRY IT AND SEE WHY... AVAILABLE AT UGLIER RECORD STORES EVERYWHERE.
 "THE BROTHERS UNCONNECTED" FIRST APPEARED WITH THE SUN CITY GIRLS' "7 EP 'NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE'" RELEASED BY SCRATCH RECORDS IN 1992.



WORDS BY
 SUN CITY GIRLS
 PICTURES BY
 BLAINE THURIER
 © 1992



"Is this going on the radio?"
"Nope."
"You promise?"
"Yep."

So begins my afternoon chat with Dave Baker, the voice of Mercury Rev. The guy selling their shirts assured me that Dave liked to do interviews, but that I should be prepared for a little weirdness. This really didn't come as any surprise considering the music this New York combo cranks out: beautiful flute melodies, explosive guitars, madman vocals and a sound thicker than that stuff you used to make paper maché piggy banks with in kindergarten. But I'm not worried, I can deal with weirdness.

"It's not like we're against selling a million records. Who's against that? It's all a matter of timing. When we started getting successful, as far as popularity and sales goes, was when we weren't thinking about it. I'd like the whole thing about getting a girl: when you're dating and you're

ing some shit, weird stuff, not really for anybody but ourselves. We were stealing stuff, you know, equipment. Using things we could find like TV's and making some noise. Just having these fun sessions. Then we started making some tapes and this label from England, Mint, asked if they could put it out. We started to get more complex, using 24-track studios, but we weren't putting anything specific together to get label interest, the labels came to us.

"We're not stupid, but at the same time we've never thought of our stuff as something to sell, it's just been what we want to do. They say 'you want to do this on a bigger level?' and we say 'sure.'"

"We're just lucky that people give a shit about our stuff. Then again, I always figured that with billions of people in the world, there's got to be a lot of people that like you. Chances are, right? Look at the variables."

"There's got to be at least a thousand people that like you."

'Anyone should be able to sell a thousand records. But I never figured we'd be top forty in England, I mean what the fuck? That makes no sense.'

too eager, the girl doesn't give a shit. But when you don't give a shit and you just be yourself, it ends up that the girls come; and you know when it rains, it pours. So we're doing our stuff, not thinking about making any money at it, and all of a sudden these labels start saying you guys are great blah blah blah and we get hooked up. We're not part of any movement or scene. We don't even live in the same town; it's not like we're even a band."

Claiming not to be a band seems like a convenient way to dodge criticisms and fan expectations, and when on stage Mercury Rev are a confusing entity. Jonathan Donahue and Grasshopper play their guitars into their amps, their backs fully turned to the audience. They are joined in this position by Dave Fridmann and his bass, while Suzanne Thorpe weaves her flute lines about the stage as if oblivious to the other members of the band. Jimmy Chambers, a dead ringer for Al Pacino circa *Scarface*, holds it together with strong rhythms. As for Baker, he's off to the side of the stage appearing as if he's trying to decide whether he's in the band or part of the audience, shrugging his shoulders at the crowd, spewing out his ramblings (oftentimes incoherently) and generally looking about as the audience.

Baker and the other members of Mercury Rev, however, manage to pull off a great live experience that dissolves into chaos and leaves you wondering how it all began in the first place.

"We were sitting around do-

ing some shit, weird stuff, not really for anybody but ourselves. We were stealing stuff, you know, equipment. Using things we could find like TV's and making some noise. Just having these fun sessions. Then we started making some tapes and this label from England, Mint, asked if they could put it out. We started to get more complex, using 24-track studios, but we weren't putting anything specific together to get label interest, the labels came to us."

No sense indeed. Sharing chart positions with million-sellers and dead rockers is not exactly where one would expect to find Mercury Rev's first full length, *Yerself Is Steam*. Described as "the Butthole Surfers reading Pink Floyd", the album lacked anything close to a single other than the Dean Winchester-sung "Car Wash Hair," which is buried at the end of the CD. *À la Nirvana*. Both *Yerself Is Steam* and their new release, *Boces*, were produced by the band and engineered by Fridmann. Lighter, yet as apocalyptic as their first release, *Boces* denied the label's request for a lead off single and, instead, produced two songs over ten minutes.

"Do you have anything against pop?"

"Pop?"

"Pop music."

"Not pop. We don't have anything against pop."

"Pop music. You know what I'm saying?"

"No. Nobody has anything against pop music. Liked the Beatles. They were pop."

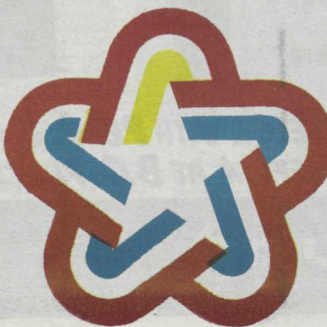
"Do you think that being on a major label could ever hamper the way that Mercury Rev creates music?"

"The only thing that they said we couldn't do in the contract was make a children's album, and I think we're working on that."

EVERYTHING IS SUGAR-FREE

MERCURY REV

BY JUSTIN LOVE



"For the most part, I'd say our band would be making music regardless of whether we had the money of a major label behind us or not. We might not be touring, but we'd be making some tapes and doing shit. It could have been film. We do a lot of films: videos and stuff. It could have been those that made us popular."

I tried to get some more information about these films and videos but David skirted the issue and just told me that Donahue did all the album art. I started to lose out to the sun as David became agitated by the heat. Fearing that the interview would soon be over, I switch subjects quickly.

"How do you approach the studio? Do you rehearse?"

"No, we don't rehearse songs. That's the funniest thing: we all agree, it's making music. Having fun like that is a good thing. It's a different process, it's hard to believe, but there's a lot of rules."

I'm a little confused about this rule thing, but still concerned about the death of this conversation I try to breath new life into it by inquiring about how they prepare for their live shows.

"We were going to rehearse for this Lollapalooza thing but our drummer had chicken pox so we didn't get around to it."

"Then when was the last time you played together before to-

now. If you start valuing the money thing you end up nowhere. If you value having a good time, at the time, and make stuff that challenges your mind or emotions, you do better. What good is it if you make a million dollars by the time you are sixty, then die the next day? You've basically fucked your life."

The heat and sun are becoming a problem so we move into the band's tent, which they are sharing with some jugglers and Tool (one of today's most appropriately-named bands). David introduces me to the rest of the band. Tool is outside using their portable weight set, an added perk that Jonathan claims will be theirs: "it's all just a matter of time." I'm offered a drink from their cooler, noticed that I grab one, forgetting that Tool's is full of imported beer. Baker motions over to the Tool guys, "You see, that would be a new thing to do. Lift weights. Why not?" Cooling off, the interview continues.

"I'm not saying live for today, but going 'this year I'm in grade six, then I'm in college, then I got two kids, then I'm doing this, then that...' life-style has been mapped out by people that are dead. We're doing what we want to do. We're not mapping out our careers, we're mapping out our lives. We're doing alright, but people still

'We were going to rehearse for this Lollapalooza thing but our drummer had chicken pox so we didn't get around to it.'

day's show?"

"The last tour. We did a mini tour with Dinosaur Jr."

Still confused about his rule thing, I questioned him about it:

"Rock is supposed to be the thing where rules are broken. But it ends up that a lot of the time you break one rule and it's a rule. 'Whoah! You're fucking brilliant!' You have too many ideas!"

"There's this attitude that dictates that if you like one band, you should like them for twenty years; it all moves so slow. That's why it's referred to as Dinosaur Rock."

"We're weren't hearing what we wanted to hear on the radio, so we decided to make it ourselves. There's a lot of people like that."

"You know who was like that and didn't give a shit? Rappers. They were going, 'It's hopeless, we don't give a shit! We're down on the bottom, let's do something.' They ended up doing something creative because they weren't afraid of blowing it."

"With us, we're not afraid of blowing it because we know a lot of great jazz and blues musicians that are on welfare

ask us what will happen when we meet with success. We've already got success, we've made a record. We're successful because we got to make it. To us power is doing what you want to do, so we're doing what we want, making a bunch of noise."

The conversation started slipping into small talk and complaints about the heat, so I finished my soda, shook some hands, and blazed out into the Lollapalooza heat. I don't think Dave noticed me leave because he and the rest of the band were too taken in by some juggler doing stretches in front of a mirror.

I bumped into Dave later on that day while Mase and company were rocking the crowd. We spent a few minutes watching the show together in silence, exchanging a few brief words before heading our separate ways.

"I like that song. That's pop, right?"

"Yep."

"Nothing wrong with that."

"Nope."

WE AT POP! WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR ACCEPTANCE INTO UNIVERSITY AND WISH YOU ALL THE BEST IN YOUR ACADEMIC ENDEAVORS.

OK ENOUGH WITH THE CRAP!

GET YOUR STUDENT LOAN OR YOUR LIFE SAVINGS - PUT IT IN A PAPER BAG AND HEAD DOWN TO THE EDGE OF SKID ROW - CROSSTOWN-WHERE THE QUALITY OF LIFE ON THE STREETS REAFFIRMS YOUR SENSE OF SELF AND WELL BEING.

SPECIFICALLY COME DOWN TO #154 W. HASTINGS ST. AT CAMBIE AND HASTINGS.

THAT'S ABOUT A BLOCK FROM THE CAMBIE, IT'S ACROSS THE STREET FROM WOOLWORTH, TWO BLOCKS FROM THE TOWN PUMP AND THE HUNGRY EYE, AROUND THE CORNER FROM DELUXE JUNK AND CABBAGES AND KINX, JUST UP THE STREET FROM TAPESTRY AND SCRATCH RECORDS, THROUGH THE PARK AND DOWN THE HILL FROM BLAST, IN THE HEART OF WAREHOUSE-PARTY-LAND, AND ON A STREET WHERE EVERY SECOND GUY THAT WALKS PAST YOU ON THE STREET SAYS "SKUNK".

SO COME TO POP! AT #154 W. HASTINGS ST.

MONDAY TO SATURDAY 11:00-6:00 (8:00 ON FRIDAYS)

LIQUIDATE YOUR LOAN!

SEPTEMBER 13th - 25th!

GET COOL COMICS, MAGAZINES, BOOKS, VIDEOS, COFFEE & CULTURE



AND BECAUSE WE REALLY WANT YOUR MONEY FOR TWO WEEKS JUST ABOUT EVERY THING IN THE STORE IS 30% OFF

FRI SEPT 3

CTR 101.9 FM AND THE GEORGIA STRAIGHT PRESENT...

A BENEFIT FOR FRIENDS OF CLAYOQUOT SOUND

TO STOP THE CLEAR-CUTTING OF OLD GROWTH FOREST IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

DOA

LOWEST OF THE LOW

MYSTERY MACHINE

GERRY HANNAH & THE WILD CRY

GUEST SPEAKER: NDP MP SVEND ROBINSON

PUR: A NEW INSTANT SINGLE BY DOA: "THE ONLY THING GREEN" ON ALTERNATIVE TEXTURES RECORDS. ALL PROCEEDS FROM SALES TO GO TO FRIENDS OF CLAYOQUOT SOUND. FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THE CLAYOQUOT SOUND LOGGING BLOCKADE, PLEASE CALL 725-6218 (TORMO). TICKETS \$8 AT THE DOOR.

• THE FABULOUS •

Commodore

870 Granville Mall, Downtown Vancouver • 681-7838

Blind Melon

PICTURE A PSYCHEDELIC PICNIC ON A FLOATING DREAMSCAPE WITH COLOURS ONLY MUSIC CAN PAINT AND ONLY YOUR MIND CAN SEE. IT'S A GOOD WORKOUT FOR YOUR IMAGINATION...A MENTAL RECESS AND BLIND MELON WANTS TO TAKE YOUR HEAD AWAY.



7⁴⁴
CAGG
12⁴⁴
CD

**DON'T MISS BLIND MELON WITH PEARL JAM AND NEIL YOUNG
SEPT. 4 AT B.C. PLACE**

YOUR TOTAL ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE
a&b sound

A&B CLAIMS: 604-691-1111

TOLL FREE: 1-800-863-0396

Downtown Vancouver
South Vancouver
East Vancouver
Metrotown Burnaby
North Surrey
Downtown Victoria
Downtown Nanaimo
Downtown Kelowna

556 Seymour St.
732 SW Marine Dr.
3422 E Hastings (at Cassiar)
6568 Kingsway
10280 - 135th St.
641 Yates St.
9 Commercial St.
425 Leon Ave.

687-8837
321-5112
298-0464
436-0223
589-7600
385-1461
753-3241
753-6300

WOOL

By: Sean Casey, Kip Sprungman, Jeff Dinnon and Jason James

Gawd, our first interview...we were just so nervous...I took about six pisses within the span of an hour as we paced nervously awaiting the arrival of the much heralded Wool.

Well it had been about three hours and Wool's van still hadn't showed up. It probably would have been more comfortable to wait inside 86th Street Music Hall, but we weren't all that welcome there. Fumbling nervously with a recorder wasn't such a good idea during House of Pain's sound check. Our amateurish shenanigans got the attention of Danny Boy and the promoter resulting in our being booted from the Hall.

Our only hope was to head off Wool before they got inside. Our pride, our manhood, and our first *Disorder* assignment were at stake. We had to get this interview or die trying.

A beat up blue van shaking violently, and almost on the verge of a stall, screeched to a halt several hundred meters past 86th Street. Backing up the wrong way through four lanes of traffic isn't highly recommended but, nevertheless, in staggered Wool.

Not even giving them enough time to breath, we fell before Peter Stahl (vocalist, guitarist) and passionately pleaded our case. He was more than accommodating. Under his tutelage we were once again welcome inside the 'Hall'. Letting the recorder run we chatted freely.

Disorder: How has the tour been so far?

Peter Stahl: Pretty good, we did Portland last night and then we came up to Vancouver this morning. We've been on the road for about four weeks now, starting in Texas around the first week of March. We came up through the South and then hit Spring Break in Florida during the storm of the century. Actually we've experienced a lot of weather on this tour: floods, snow, hail reaching the size of golf balls, locusts, fights and security...you know, the usual.

You're playing an all ages gig tonight, is that important to you?

Yes, definitely, all our shows on this tour are all ages. If they weren't, it would eliminate a large part of House of Pain's audience. We prefer to keep control of our own affairs, however for this tour we have allowed a booking agent to do it. Actually, five months ago we played an all ages show at the Nappy Dugout.

How do you prepare for a show? Do you find it hard to get out on stage?

For sure, I'm no different than anyone else, even though I have done a lot of shows myself. Before Wool I was in a punk band

On the punk scene the majority of time you are playing in front of white suburban kids, rather than a diversity of people.

called *Scream out of Washington* D.C.

Are you still friends with Dave Grehl (ex-Scream drummer now with Nirvana) at all?

Yes, definitely, he is one of my good friends. Actually, he came up with me to the Nappy show. It was just him and Chris (Novaselic of Nirvana), plus a few other friends and a couple of fans. He would probably be here tonight except Nirvana played a benefit show last night in San Francisco. Hopefully we will do some shows with them soon.

Do you have a follow up album to *Budepaw* coming out soon?

Yes, but not that soon. The current tour ends this weekend then we're scheduled to do some shows with Fugazi. After that we'll take a few weeks off and work on some new songs for *Rage Against the Machine* for a mini-tour. Once we have finished all these things, then we will go into the studio to record our new album, tentatively entitled *Pushing Cloth*.

Where will you be recording the new album?

Probably on the east coast somewhere. (surp!) Excuse me. Check. Ha, ha. Man! I hope I didn't get your mike dirty. Most of us, my brother and myself and drummer Pete Moffet, are from Washington D.C., while our bass player, Al, is from the other Washington, Washington State. Also, most of the people we want to work with are from the East Coast.

How has the audience reacted to your music, after all you are not the biggest band on the bill?

You could say that; that is a fair statement. Actually, it has been a really good experience. We were tentative about this tour because we didn't know that much about *Rage Against the Machine*. However, it's been a blessing being on tour with them and getting to know them.

The audience for the shows must really be mixed...

Yeah, the crowd has not really been a black audience, like most people would assume for a rap band. So far we have had mostly a white crowd, which is kind of a drag. On the punk scene the majority of time you are playing in front of white suburban kids, rather than a diversity of people.

Music is basically for everybody, all races. Music is the basis of all communication. To me it's a shame music is split up into different labels and genres.

Most of the people that come to the shows are there to have a good time. Whereas if you are opening up for Nirvana or the Lemonheads you would probably be playing in front of people that are just such alternative snooticks that they would be just sitting there and judging you with their arms crossed making sure that their friends were thinking this band is cool. Wool ain't fuckin' cool, so we don't go over too well with that. The people who come to see House of Pain seem to be very open young Nubiles ready to be penetrated with our music.

What is in the van stereo as we speak?

Right now, uhhmm it's the new Kyuss album. Believe it or not, they are on tour with Metallica in Australia right now. It was just five months ago that we did a tour with them and another band called

come a musician was the early 70's new wave and punk coming out of Britain, New York, D.C. and California.

My father used to manage bands in the 60's, so my brother and I were always around bands. It was the politics of the 60's bands which inspired me to have something to say with my music rather than the 'let's get fucked up' sorta *KnoW-nothing* lyrics. Growing up as a kid, going away to boarding school, growing up without an old man...for me, this is all about the

The people who come to see House of Pain seem to be very open young Nubiles ready to be penetrated with our music.

musical experience.

What is your lyrical inspiration?

Just whatever. I mean with the songs I write, I basically like to tell a story or paint a picture. For instance, "S.O.S." is basically a

lot of people crying for fuckin' help.

Being part of a notorious L.A. scene what is your stand on drugs?

I think you should experiment with everything in life and push yourself to the limit with everything you do. But when something takes over your body and controls your life, and your destiny, that is when you start to hurt other people. You do not have a responsibility to yourself, you have responsibility to insure that you don't hurt them. I just have a hard time dealing with those who abuse drugs and abuse themselves.

What is it like working under a major label?

Usually we are able to push them to do what we want, like releasing the album on 12 inch vinyl. But, actually, we encourage people not to buy the album up here at import prices, it is just a fucking rip off. We've



The Obsessed. We went up and down the West Coast but nobody was there. Now they are opening up for Metallica and we are opening up for House of Pain.

As far as music goes, I love everything. I like a lot of soul, a lot of blues and R and B. Also I'm into a lot of early punk. Much of the music that inspired me to be-

come a musician was the early 70's new wave and punk coming out of Britain, New York, D.C. and California. My father used to manage bands in the 60's, so my brother and I were always around bands. It was the politics of the 60's bands which inspired me to have something to say with my music rather than the 'let's get fucked up' sorta *KnoW-nothing* lyrics. Growing up as a kid, going away to boarding school, growing up without an old man...for me, this is all about the

been pushing to release the album up here in Canada through Cargo, which looks like it may happen. Only then will it be available at a reasonable price. Right now, I'd prefer you just steal the fucking thing, or tape it off a friend. Twenty-eight bucks for a record is just outrageous.

X

BY ROB HARRISON

Exene Cervenka walked into the lobby of the Chateau Granville, struggling to carry a suitcase half as big as she was. She and longtime bandmates John Doe, Tony Gilkyson and D.J. Bonebrake had to fly from California two days after their last stop on a tour to announce their seventh release as a band, *Hey Zeus*. Resuming their roadwork in a city that's been good to them in the past, I hoped that I'd be able to catch Exene on a good day, one where she'd be her colorful, quotable self. But when she saw me in the lobby and tossed a suspicious glance my way, I was wishing I'd brought my glove. On a bad day with the (in)convenience of air travel, customs and rush hour traffic, Cervenka's best stuff can be cranky and caustic at best. At that moment, I would have caught Roger Clemens without a mask and chest protector than interview her.

Moments later she dragged herself and her luggage back to where I was conversing with a representative of Polygram—their new distributor. "I was told there's someone here to talk to me," she inquired in her soft Floridian accent. An introduction and a minute later, I was interviewing a member of a band whose place in the history book (make that pamphlet) of Alternative music is secure. We sat down on a lobby couch.

While I was fiddling with my tape recorder, Exene eyed one of my Tattoos open from my tank topped arm. "Immmmm...a'ah," she discovered. (Exene owns quite a few of them herself.) As the interview progressed, I wondered why she and the rest of X decided to come back and resume suffering the shit-kicking they were receiving from the music press, and a few of their followers, six years ago.

You don't have to be an old fart to understand the history of X, but it helps. In 1988, Cervenka and her cotranslators decided to mothball the band for a while, following the mixed reception to their last record *See How We Are*. Many of the reviewers, and a few hardened fans, as liked the songs but focused on the supposed inadequacies of Gilkyson's guitar work ("HE'S NO BILL YZOOM").

So after a distinguished run that began in the volatile Los Angeles punk movement of the early eighties and that ended with accusations of selling out by the alternative movement of that period, they decided to take a break. "We weren't at the time taking a sabbatical, we just didn't book any gigs. We didn't feel like playing and didn't realize it was going to take a while to do different things. It wasn't anything we thought or cared about. People kept asking if we were going to play again and we didn't really ever know."

The summer vacation lasted about three years. Doe immersed himself in film acting and made a solo record (*Meet John Doe*—Geffen). Bonebrake became a hired gun drummer for Syd Straw, Michael Penn and Steve Wynn. Cervenka and her family packed and picked up for Idaho, where she lived off and on for five years.

While living there she decided to take up music again. "I wasn't really planning on doing music, but then I started writing songs and decided 'well, I do like this music thing after all'. I was hoping to just do writing so I wouldn't have to keep going back to L.A. all the time. I like music."

The resultant discs (*Old Wives' Tales*, *Running Sacred*—Rhino, on which Gilkyson maintained his working relationship with Cervenka by producing and playing guitar on both efforts) re-affirmed Exene's lyrical abilities and helped her develop new ones she could apply when and if X got back together. "I started writing music, which I couldn't have done if we hadn't have taken that time off. I had to get away from John, and I don't mean that in a negative way, but our partnership was one where words and music did not fit together for us easily."

Cervenka's work habits also received an overhaul during the break. "For one thing, I'm sober personally. Not that I wrote every song in the world when I was drunk or anything like that, but it's been almost two years, so my perception of reality and my way of looking at the psychology of being an artist is different. The myth of chemical enlightenment is banished like it should be, and that's good because that opens up all kinds of new ways of expressing yourself."

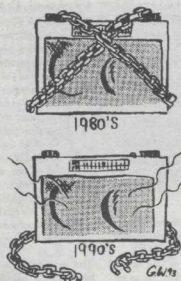
The strength she acquired during the hiatus might, ironically enough, pull her and Doe back together as collaborators again; "John and I don't write together as much, but I think we're going to now, so I think it's going to return to how it used to be," stated Cervenka. "You should do the same thing over and over if it's working for you. And if it doesn't, that's when you do something different. It's logical as an artist. Whatever's going to work is what you do."

Returning to a healthier, more receptive market for alternative music hasn't dimmed Cervenka's memories of tougher times; "It's a different society, different economy, different culture and outlook," she observed. "I'll never forget the struggle of what we were doing and how difficult it was. Not too many people on this planet would know how hard it was: Social Distortion know, Paul Westerberg knows, Soul Asylum know, and a lot of bands that have broken up know, how thoroughly discouraging it was every step of the way. Which isn't to say it wasn't a lot of fun being underground, but it was really upsetting that the radio was censoring music. We had a good time battling and now kind of makes you a little jealous," said Cervenka. "I'm vindicated for me and the rest of

Throughout X's travels on others who drank the eighties the same cup. "I did an interview X and it's weird because my radio, and he hears all these great cause when you guys were first weren't on the radio". I said no, radio either...BECAUSE THEY CERVENKA, her flag of sarcasm A THREAT TO AMERICAN SOCIETY. Every radio program one got to hear them. Thank you a revolution in American con-stop it, eventually happened."

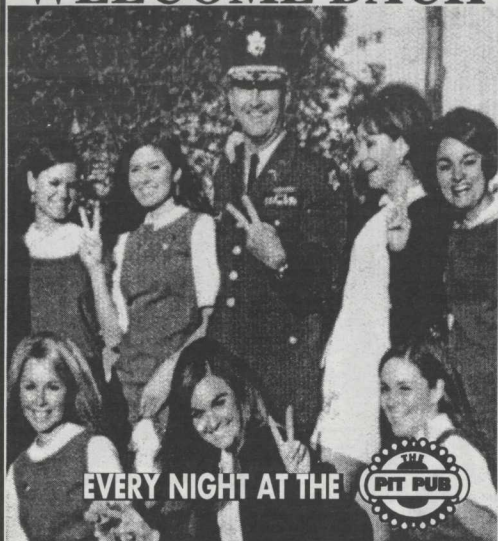
Just out of curiosity, I had town, since I'll be visiting L.A. "I don't know what I'd think of it Cervenka. "You won't be able to sure. It's the hardest city in the country. It's the scariest, worst city you could possibly live in. It's much worse than New York; all of our bad U.S. foreign policy repercussions seem to land in L.A. You can't absorb the exodus of people, all the Koreans, Colombians, Central Americans, Mexicans, and all the other people from the rest of the United States, as well as all the homeless people flocking to California because of the climate. You can't absorb all those people, so you'll have a lot of tension."

"Not that I wrote every song in the world when I was drunk or anything like that, but it's been almost two years, so my perception of reality and my way of looking at the psychology of being an artist is different. The myth of chemical enlightenment is banished like it should be."



THE COLONEL'S CO-EDS BREAK FROM BOPPING TO SAY

WELCOME BACK



EVERY NIGHT AT THE



AND THEY INVITE YOU TO TWIST THE SEPTEMBER BLUES
AWAY TO THE GROOVIEST TUNES ON CAMPUS

S.U.B. SONIC

Thursdays

LIVE

at the

PIT

BANDS START @ 9:30

**LIVE BANDS EVERY
THURSDAY NIGHT!**

ADMISSION IS FREE!!

SEPT. 2
ACCOUSTICALLY INCLINED
with HAPPY MAN
SEPT. 9
RUMPLESTEELSKIN

SEPT. 16
MOIST with
COLOUR WHEEL
SEPT. 23
PIGFARM with
DEAR GOD
SEPT. 30
SWEET JONES with
TWILIGHT RITUALS

THE PIT PUB • IN THE BASEMENT OF THE STUDENT UNION BUILDING, 6138 SUB BLVD. • 604-822-6511

HEAVEN



OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK
MONDAY TO SATURDAY
9PM - 2AM
SUNDAYS
9AM - 12AM

DRINK SPECIALS
MONDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
SUNDAY

& THE BEST STAFF
IN THE CITY

685
3288

1275 SEYMOUR

Do you feel lucky PUNK?!?



Carl, after recent sex change!

ON SALE THIS MONTH:

BUILT TO SPILL	◦ Ultimate Alternative Wavers.....	\$9.65 casset; \$14.92 CD
VARIOUS ARTISTS	◦ Julep (with CLUB and KREVISSI).....	\$9.65 LP; \$10.96 CD
PENNYWISE	◦ Unknown Road.....	\$9.65 LP/cass; \$15.79 CD
TAR	◦ Toast.....	\$9.65 LP/cass; \$12.72 CD
JESUS LIZARD	◦ Lash.....	\$7.02 Tape 7"; \$5.70 cass; \$6.58 CD
UNWOUND	◦ Faketrain.....	\$8.78 LP/cass; \$11.84 CD
VARIOUS ARTISTS	◦ Music for the proletariat.....	\$11.84 CD
HORSEY	◦ Go Light.....	\$2.64 7" single
PORK QUEEN	◦ Gunman.....	\$2.64 7" single

GET THE INDEPENDENT URGE!

URGE OVERKILL - SUPERSONIC STORYBOOK,
AMERICRUISER, and JESUS URGE SUPER-

STAR ALBUMS

\$9.65 LP/CASS \$12.72 CD

STULL \$7.46 10"/CASS 9.65 CD

SCRATCH

311A CAMBIE STREET
VANCOUVER, B.C. CANADA V6B 2N4
PHONE/FAX: (604) 687-0488

COOL BACK TO SCHOOL THREADS!!



2951 W 4th Ave 739-9791

BACK TO SCHOOL

..SHIT

VIDEOS NO BOARDS MUSIC
FINE THREADS SKATEBOARDS
VIDEOS NO BOARDS MUSIC
FINE THREADS SKATEBOARDS



2412 MAIN ST. - 872-2999

1102 AUSTIN AVE. - 931-5070

engine kid by wozzle



DESPITE the murderous effects of a music-biz beat-off of herculean proportions, real original music still exists in Seattle. As the culture-appropriating behemoths move on in search of a fresh "buzz," bands like engine kid still grunge between the cracks, like weeds in the sidewalk. Greg, Brian and Chris formed engine kid about a year ago in the suburbs of Seattle, and put out a 7" on their own label, *Battery Records*. Since then, they've been working with C/Z records, readying for the release of their first album, *Bar Catching Fish*, at the end of September. This interview took place before the band opened for Sebadoh at the Town Pump. Tim from CKCU radio in Ottawa also took part in the interview.

Who are you?

G: I'm Greg from engine kid and this is Brian from engine kid.

How long has engine kid been together?

G: With Brian in the band almost a year, and about six months before Brian was in the band.

If you had to be any type of fruit what type of fruit would you be?

G: Geez, I don't know. I guess an orange, I don't know why, I just like oranges. That's a Brian kind of question, what kind of fruit would you be Brian?
Brian: A pomegranate, there's a lot to offer there. (Laughs)

Would you ever consider signing onto a major label?

G: I don't know, it would depend on what kind of deal was involved and what sort of things were written into the contract. It's not something I think about too often, we haven't been approached by any.

T: How did you get the attention of C/Z?

G: They bought and liked the 7" we put out ourselves and then they came to see us play and that was it. We didn't really approach anybody.

How long have you had your nose?

G: My nose? I just recently purchased it.
B: I got mine at a two for one sale so I have one on reserve in case something blows up.

Has engine kid always been based out of Seattle?
G: Live in the suburbs of Seattle and so does Brian, Chris lives in the city. But I guess we are from Seattle.

Has the band been affected by the grunge craze?

B: No.
G: My nose? At all.
B: We're more affected by eighties power rock. (Laughs)

Has the local scene been devastated by grunge?

G: Yeah, it's pretty lame actually, there's not that many good bands around. People aren't very receptive to any

new sounds. Also, a lot of people are tired of going to clubs and seeing ripoff grunge bands. The all ages scene is cool when it happens, lots of people show up and everybody is really cool and open minded, but there aren't many all ages shows.

Tell me about your straightedge past, don't you have a special tattoo?

G: I don't know if it's directly related to straightedge, I was really into it about five years ago and I had a really good time playing in bands. It was fun.

Doesn't your tattoo say 'straightedge till death'?

G: It says 'true till death' actually, it doesn't have too much to do with straightedge. I got it when I was straightedge.

T: Do you see a new genre of music forming with you and Codeine and Sliint?

G: That kind of music has been around for awhile and that's why we've been inspired by. As far as a new genre, I'm not sure.

Do you have any reservations about playing bars?

G: Sometimes I miss the feeling of having kids put on shows and there being no business license involved, it's more of a special thing. Bands probably play here every night; people don't go for a special reason. When kids put on all ages shows it has this intense sort of feeling where it's like this could be closed down any minute. If we had a choice we'd play all ages, but a lot of times we don't have a choice.

Who's your favourite Vancouver band?

G: Aww shit, I'd have to say it's a toss up between Stovebolt and uh, what's that other fucking band? Aww, I don't know, I like Sparkmarker and Stovebolt, they are really cool.

Do you think trees dream?

G: Trees scream?

Dream.

G: Dream, it's possible. If they did, would there be a band called the Dreaming Trees?

Is there much of a difference between your older and newer music?

G: I think it's growing, I hope so at least. We're getting tighter.

T: What can we expect from your new album?

G: It sounds really live, a lot more live than the CDs. The CDs had a lot of reverb on it and a lot of effects whereas the new album has hardly any studio effects on it. With the new album we've developed our own sound a little more.

T: Does it bug you to be compared to other bands?

G: It depends on who the band is. I don't mind being compared to Sliint because I really like Sliint and they are a big influence on the stuff I write; they're really amazing. But it does bug me when someone writes a review and writes us off as sounding like the Smashing Pumpkins or something. That's kind of a drag.

Did your childhood affect your music in any way?

G: Definitely, I think if your writing comes out of personal experiences, in any way, your childhood experiences affects your music. I had some pretty interesting things happen to me during my childhood, a lot of things I write reflect it.

Can you give us any examples?

G: Uh, having gone through family divorces and regular family bullshit.

Are there any cool bands still left in Seattle?

G: The band that's playing tonight, Silkstorm, are cool.

Are you big Neil Young fans?

G: Yeah, I love Neil Young. I just get a really good feeling when I listen to his music, he's a big influence of mine.

Does your personal political viewpoint effect your music in any way?

G: I have lots of political opinions but I don't really try to express them in my music; I think there's a lot of bands who do that way better than I ever could. I don't have a goal in mind when I write.

If you found out that pencils were actually intelligent life forms and had there own underground society would you risk your own life to save the pencils' secret?

G: Yeah, I could handle writing with a bit for the rest of my life, that would be O.K. But our bass player Brian would uncover the whole thing, he wouldn't give a shit.

What is the band's plans for the future?

G: After the Sebadoh shows we're going to take a break and then the new album will be out. After that we'll go back on tour and hopefully we can play an all ages show in Vancouver, maybe we could even play in Blast records again. Is that place still around, it was cool.

Which band member smells the worst?

G: That would have to be the drummer. He uses all these crazy creams and he brushes his teeth with 'Tom's Baking Powder'. He's disgusting.

Do you have any bizarre touring stories?

G: When we were on tour we kept on hearing that Sparkmarker were homosexual. We were in San Diego and some gay guys came and says really seriously, "I saw Kim from Sparkmarker kissing one of the guys from Underworld in a full embrace, are they gay?" So our goal on tour was to let everyone know that Sparkmarker were indeed all homosexual and that they were carrying the flag of homosexual hardcore.

Which band member has the worst flatulence?

G: That would have to be Chris again, because when he was going through his vegan phase he had the worst smelling farts, as all vegans do.

What's your favourite food?

G: The Coffee Crisp, which you can only get in Canada.

Did you like thrash metal when you were 17?

G: I liked thrash metal when I was 15. Well, first I got into metal and then I got into punk, the two blended together and it was just a blur. My favourite band from Vancouver at the time was Patricide.

Who was in Patricide?

G: Eric was in that band and that Dan guy, rocker Dan.

What do you think of Eric Thorkelson?

G: He's a great guy, he's kind of a legend in Seattle and San Diego. Whenever we go down there people ask us what happened to Eric from Headstart or Headfirst or whatever the hell they were called. Is he going to be here tonight?

I don't think he likes clubs.

G: Oh.

Any last words?

G: Let's play some pinball! We're on a pinball mission right now, our favourite game is *The Adams Family*.



TEMPLE THEATRE

WELCOME
GOSPEL MUSIC
WORKSHOP OF AMERICA
MAY 30TH 3PM

BILLY PRESTON
BROTHERS FROM ANOTHER PLANET.

By Dave Langille and Vince Yeh.

SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

Welcome to subtext. Happy Reading!

Understanding Comics (Tundra, 215 pp, hb \$24.95) Scott McCloud is my kind of teacher! This comics expert has written a book on the history of comics and how to better appreciate them. Subtitled *The Invisible Art*, the study is written entirely in comic form with Scott himself as our guide. This being an academic venture, Scott is wearing a suit-jacket however this is forgiven as he's wearing a Zoot! shirt underneath.

Various art concepts such as closure, mood and identity are discussed. Scott compares the range and style of comic artists from various generations; he gives us a history of comics (waaaay back in time we go) and he is even shown jumping hurdles in the nude to graphical

to explain his point. Now, that's



dedication.

Understanding Comics is for anyone who wants to learn the visual language of comics. And any study

that would take the time to talk about word balloons is okay by me. It's all so inspiring: My wretched doodling has vastly improved since getting this. Empowerment through comic..... recommended.

Virtual Light (Bantam, 304 pp, hb \$24.95) William Gibson's new book *Virtual Light* may well be his most accessible yet. Within its pages our everyday world is escalated to another level twelve years in the future where things are the same, yet different. Barry Rydell, the male lead, is told he looks like Tommy Lee Jones while Chevette Washington, the female protagonist is a bicycle courier.

Rydell is a rent-a-cop down on his luck who's just been bumped from a lucrative appearance on the *Cops* in *Trouble* television show. His troubles truly begin when he's hired to drive a car for some shady characters. His path is soon to cross with Chevette, who rides the coolest rice-paper bicycle around but has stolen something she shouldn't have.

One enjoyable aspect of Gibson's books is they are basically good versus evil tales. The bad guys in this case are almost stereotypical — would you believe a robotlike mad Russian? — corny...but it works. *Virtual Light* is a believable take on what our future could be.

From the Velvets to theVOIDS (Penguin, 384 pp, hb \$17.99) Those darn Sex Pistols, their outrageous behaviour encouraged by the press led the world to believe that the UK spawned Punk Rock in 1976. And as for fashion, for sure! they were the originators.

Truly, though, the spirit of punk was an American invention, borne of idle youth in NY and other cities. And we're talking as early as

1973! With such inspiration as the Velvet Underground and MCS, the music grew with the Country Blue Grass and Blues Club (CBGB's) becoming a major focal point for punk rock in NYC.

From the Velvets to theVOIDS is the story of what went down Stateside in the 70's, by those who were there. There's Richard Lloyd recounting Television's first performance; Blondie tells of splitting from the Sillitones; someone in Per-Um explaining how David Thomas accidentally hit his dad on the noggin with a box of dog biscuits during a gig.

There are photos as well: Patti Smith's graduation shirt; the Dead Boys with long hair; Iggy; tough guys Suicide and the Dolls. This book is an absolutely great history, with interesting to read personal accounts from when these musicians were young, skinny and unwhipped by the corporate bug.

I Hear Me Fine (Get To The Point, 94 pg \$9.95) Jarred Up (Mecca Normal, cd)

So goody old Rolling Stone magazine featured Mecca Normal in their 'New Faces' column not so long ago...and says they are from Vancouver, Washington! Wrong. The duo, from this Vancouver, are just emigrating today as when they started in the early eighties: distribution through the small-but-mighty K label and touring has gained the band a devoted audience.

The timing of Jean Smith's first book, *I Hear Me Fine*, coincides with a collection of the bands singles and compilation tracks, *Jarred Up*, with another new release *Flood Plain* out soon.

I Hear Me Fine is images, places, and people. I'm only part way through and have yet to figure

out the main storyline — however I'm unconcerned, as the action is leading nowhere and the ride isn't unpleasant.

Jarred Up on the other hand has me gnashing my teeth. Almost two dozen songs taken through the groups career and what do the liner notes say? Zip. Oh yeh, David-guitar, Jean-vocals. (And this on a fold out page). Why not give us the lyrics (exp. as they really are hard to sort out), tell us about the songs. Give the listener a chance to participate.

Beatty (Dell, 403 pp, hb \$6.99) Now this looks promising. A novel about an former-pre-med student who does some nip-and-tuck facelifts to subsidize his art career. He's good enough to gain attention from teachers, a performance artist who wants to transform herself, surgically, for her art. Author Brian D'Amato's book reminds me of an article in *Art in America* mag about this woman in Italy who has actually been doing this very thing for quite some time — she is transforming her face and body to look like paintings of the 'old masters'. This is being documented with videotape and photos taken during the operations, during which she insists in being awake



for. Dean R. Koonz calls Beatty "The best first novel I've read in a decade."

TRUE FACTS: Hey! I went to the San Diego Comics Con! This is the event for North American comic culture enthusiasts (Aug. 19 - 22 this year). Guests included Davey Clowes, Robert Williams and Buge. I'll report my findings at a later date...local guy Colin Upton is back to self-publishing and his mid-size *Big Thing* is a mere two books. Three stories: "The Life of St. Padua," the patron saint for restoration of lost items (Mr. Upton's preferred source for historical lessons); "Chris," a new semi-fictional tale and "Nightmares," a depressing twopager about sleepless nights...two other locals who draw are Blaine Thuermer and Lester Smolenaks. Their art will grace upcoming issues of Dennis Eichhorn's *Real Stuff* comic. Denny writes his (slightly-embellished) true tales and gets others to draw; these will be part of an all-Canadian drawn bonanza. Blaine, who also does *Everything's Ducky* has put out his collection called *Tales from the Perineum*, is available exclusively at Scratch and POP! Fans of Velvet Records, the 'star' of Ducky, will thrill to the adventures within. Les also produces the tiny Goose Book folding art piece; his wiggly pencil style is original and effective...Dark Horse Comics is now producing Harvey Pekar's *American Splendor*, the first issue, #17, is now out. As usual all stories are written by Harvey; the artists include Jim Woodring, Joe Sacco and longtime associate, Gary Drummer. Harvey and his wife Joyce Brammer are working on a graphic book, *Our Cancer Year*, based on Harvey's illness with all art by Frank Stack...*VINYL HEEL* is a new zine from LA devoted to remembering the worst and most neglected records. Issue #1 includes Donny Most (from Happy Days), The Move, Rutles, LMNOP, The Frisbees and some named Chris Nuttycombe (I swear!) and his LP "It's just a Lifetime". Photocopied. 2 bucks an issue for a year, US funds, write Vinyl Hell 1870 North Vermont Ave, Suite 506, Los Angeles, CA, 90027.

people are reading

Ever wonder what People Are Reading? I do. Author Michael Turner, the dashing host of the Reading Railroad, took the time to write and tell subtext.

Much of my reading time is divided between editing manuscripts and scanning forthcoming books sent to me by publishers interested in having their authors read at the Reading Railroad series (every third *Monday @ the Railway Club* -).

Since I am writing this article in August, I've decided to discuss books that have either just been published or will be published shortly after this appears.

What follows, then, is a list of nine books that I would recommend for fall reading:

Visions of Kerouac (Pottersfield Press) by Ken McGoogan A cleverly told Jack-and-the-beat-schick story where the central character is joined by the

ghost of Kerouac on a romp around North America. The author's rendering of the "current" Kerouac is pitch-perfect, suggesting to me that McGoogan is more likely a was-a-beat than a wannabe. Easy to read, though the book wasn't a bit near the end. Watch for the shifting point-of-view.

Homage to Lester Young (Oolichan) by Jaine Reid A long poem about the jazz great. Reid's jam on Young is consistent with the style of his subject: Always on the hep side of the best, always in the pocket. And unlike McGoogan, who blows a bit too long on Kerouac Reid knows when to put down his horn.

I Can Hear Me Fine (Get To The Point Books) by Jean Smith An impressionistic tale of memory and dreams skewing time and space from the singing side of Mecca Normal. The characters are weird and real; the writing orange and brilliant. And for in-

novation, check out the index! Smith's best vocal performance yet.

Shov Business (Serpent's Tail/High Risk Books) by Kevin Coyne A series of prose pieces and dialogues about "the real world of entertainment," coyne, a fifty year old British rock star living in Germany has an and sense of humour — and he uses it well with stories like The Has-Been, Johnny and the Psychiatrist, and Ezra Pound in his Cage. Reminds me of my own book, *Hard Core Logo*, only this one is informed by the Cliff Richard era.

Borderlines (Serpent's Tail/High Risk Books) ed by Kate Pullinger An absorbing anthology of writing on "home" and "exile" from the copublishers who brought you *Shov Business*. Rather than go into detail on the nineteen stories (written by authors such as Joe Anthonio, Hoeman Majd, and Audrey Thomas) included in this book, let me just say that Serpent's Tail/High Risk is one of the most interesting new publishers around today. Watch

for new books by John Giorno, Gary Indiana, and Sapphire — as well as this one.

Skinner Leg Of The Journey (Black Cat Collective) by Rob Howatson, Anne Jew and Lisa Marr This is probably the most engaging anthology I have read in some time. More than mere travel writing, this collection is about passage. All three authors contributing their stories each, really shine here. And, yes, Rob Howatson's eyes are the ones he was born with.

Queeries: An Anthology of Gay Male Prose (Arsenal Pulp Press) edited by Dennis Demioff Twenty-six authors (including Stan Persky, Andy Quan, and David Watmough) contributed to this dynamic book, the first anthology of gay male prose ever published in Canada. Although the writing is solid and wide-ranging, the most fascinating aspect of this collection is the authors' synopses of the political intentions behind their work. In terms of sheer insight,

this book swings both ways.

Dwell (Talonbooks) by Jeff Derksen A long poem by one of the young Canadian lyric writers. What I liked best about this book (in addition to new lyric writing in general) is the way it challenges our narrative bias, the way our reading-comprehension-writing "skills" have been conditioned by discursive power structures (i.e. media, education, law, health, politics). The Interface passage is one of the best pieces of writing I have read this year.

Paper, Scissors, Rock (Press Gang) by Anne Deane If I were an Olympic judge, I would give this book perfect marks for both technique and style. Although a novel, this book reads like a long poem: A tight weave of lyric and dialogue, emotion and history. I learned more about my country from this book than I ever did from Mordecai Richler.

RALPH

COFFEE, JAZZ, & POETRY



Available free to extremely limited quantities every month at cool places across Canada, USA, UK, France, Ireland, & Japan; each issue is hand-printed on 1950s Genshner duplicating machines. If you dig Beatniks, Francine Hardy, Atsuy Gilberts, Chet Baker, Sinatra, Small Faces, Diamond Dallas, French movies, black turntables, kissing, hugging & stuff, send me 12 Canadian stamps or monetary equivalent (\$5 in the USA) and I'll mail you a copy monthly! One stamp for a sample issue is ok, too!

"An average of 6-10 short pieces in which Ralph commemorates coffee, his girlfriends, his favorite jazz records, you know...stuff & things. A mixture that life- and poetry- doesn't have to be apt to be enjoyable."

CHRIS O'CONNOR: EYE WEEKLY

"A cool mix of poetry, short stories, graphics & design."

HAL KELLY: EXCLAIM

"Way cool...wonderous freschie poetry explosion"

JUDITH BEEMAN: DISCORDER

"Very Beatnik." FIZ MAGAZINE

RALPH ALFONSO, BOX 505, 1288 Broughton St., Vancouver, BC, Canada, V6G 2B5

ACT ON IT!

NINTH ANNUAL
VANCOUVER

FRINGE

FESTIVAL
SEPT. 9-19

ALL TICKETS ON SALE
SEPT. 1ST

Pick up a Program Guide at
Book Warehouse, Theatres,
or in the Sept. 9th Georgia Straight
Or call the Fringe Hotline:
873-9949

THE BOOK & COMIC EMPORIUM

VANCOUVER'S
LARGEST SELECTION
OF ALMOST NEW AND USED
PAPERBACKS AND
MAGAZINE BACK ISSUES

LARGE RANGE OF
HARD COVER BOOKS

THOUSANDS OF NEW AND
COLLECTOR'S COMICS

WE BUY, SELL OR TRADE

1247 Granville near Davie
682-3019

3347 Kingsway
430-3003

Open 7 Days a Week

DISCORDER SUBSCRIPTIONS

\$15 CDN for 12 issues any-
where in Canada.

\$15 US for 12 issues anywhere
in the continental USA.

\$24 for overseas.

action is.

Please send cheques or money

orders to: Discorder Magazine,

#233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancou-

ver, BC V6T 1Z1 CANADA

We Sell Angels



100% Natural Horze Late latex Soles

No Chemical Nasties • Wear Like Mad

Cool Soviet Leather • Resoleable

And of Course They're SATON RESISTANT.

ALL FOR THE SEAMIN. LOW PRICE
\$125.00

JOHN FLUEVOG SHOES
837 Granville st.
Vancouver, B.C. V6Z 1K7
Phone 688-2828

INTERNATIONAL VANCOUVER FILM FESTIVAL

Festival Highlights

Walk On The Wild Side
Midnight screenings at the Caprice Theatre
featuring

The Cronos Device

This post-modern vampire movie from Mexico isn't afraid to show its heart.

Fortress

Christopher Lambert is an "innocent victim" in Stuart Gordon's *(Re-Animator)* futuristic high tech drama.

Full Contact

This wonderfully crass Hong Kong gangster overload has Chow Yun-Fat on another revenge mission.

Trauma

Horror king Dario Argento's latest masterpiece is sure to leave your head rolling.

and more

Also at the Festival new films by

Jane Campion	Claude Chabrol
Stephen Frears	Peter Greenaway
Werner Herzog	Derek Jarman
Chen Kaige	Krzysztof Kieslowski
Mike Leigh	Ken Loach
Ross McElwee	Gus Van Sant
Paolo & Vittorio Taviani	

Passes and Memberships go on sale September 20 and Individual Advance Tickets on September 24.

Charge By Phone 685-8297 (Noon - 7p.m.)

B.C. Tel Film Festival Hotline - 685-8352 opens Sept. 20 (Noon - 7 p.m.)

THEATRES

CAPRICE • HOLLYWOOD • PACIFIC CINEMATHEQUE • RIDGE • VANCOUVER CENTRE CINEMAS

The Vancouver Sun Guide will be available on September 17, and at participating theatres, libraries, and the usual outlets.

SAM'S

• INDIE STREET •



TOQUE

Toque

The most rock'em-sock'em, Canadian beer lovin', toque wagglin' band of binge rockophiles ever to crawl out from the Tundra.

TOE LIQUOR

Toe Liquor

Funk, punk, metal, blues, for the scatologist in all of us. An orgasmic new release available soon.



FLASH BASTARD

Crypt City

What thou seest there fair creature is thyself, but follow us and we'll take you where no shadow stays.



TENACITY

Tenacity

Experience the fantasy of real life. Pick up this guitar driven 12 song CD or cassette.



TIMMEN

Pleasures of the Dance

High caliber intelligent electronic melodic dance music.

"This band is gonna knock your socks off. It's great to see this kind of talent coming out of Vancouver." - Joe Nickolls, Music Director, Z.95

ABRAHAM AND THE TRIBE

Riot

If you want music that sends a chill down your spine...and reaches into the depths of your soul...if you want music that makes you rock... RIOT, the debut release from Abraham and the Tribe



THE BOMBHELLS

Tame

BUY IT!

PAISLEY SUITCASE

That Ain't the Way It Was Meant To Be

Laquered groove that will move the strictest soul. A fine White Rock quartet that plays nice skinned and strung instruments.



THE MODE TO JOY

The Harmony EP

90's Euro-style modern dance rock. Currently getting major airplay on Z.95

ABANDONED YOUTH

Abandoned Youth

Well it's about bloody time. On the shelves now, the 6 song self-titled EP by Abandoned Youth. Featuring "Young Stranger" and "Pushin' For Time", both of which have received national airplay.



ATTENTION ALL BANDS

IF YOU HAVE ANY DEMOS, CDs, OR 7 INCHES AVAILABLE, WE WILL GLADLY SELL YOUR PRODUCT ON A CONSIGNMENT BASIS. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, CONTACT SELIM AT 684-3722 (568 SEYMOUR ST.)

San the Record Man

CAN'T FIND IT? SAM'S has Western Canada's Largest Selection and Most Comprehensive Request Service

AVAILABLE AT 568 SEYMOUR ST. (DOWNTOWN). FOUR FLOORS OF FUN!

Video Philter



TANIA BOLSKAYA

"Television
Drug of the nation
Breeding ignorance
And feeding radiation."

-The Beatnigs

The "boob tube" (interestingly, a nickname that was devised before the advent of such T&A classics as *Babewatch* and *Key Breast*) has taken a bad rap recently, both in the print media and in the circles of conversation that I have been known to frequent. Sure, television has created a few generations of brain deficient psycho-

the right to free speech, that is the right to scream "Freeze or I'll blow your mother-lovin' head off"; and the right to graphically portray violence and the degradation of women.

There is nothing wrong with basic human freedoms of expression. There is something wrong with hiding your petty trash behind grand words. Not only does corporate TV not care a rat's ass about the quality of their programming, they don't care a goat's ass about how frequently the pap they spew out airs. Were you aware that *Saved by the Bell* (a half-hour excuse to put teenaged

being the evil entity behind colorization, Turner Broadcast Systems (TBS) and its sibling stations, WGN and TLA, seem to have bought the entire contents of the catalogue "One Star Movies You Thought You'd Never Hear of Again" for the exclusive benefit of their audience. Forevery High Noon. TBS offers, you also receive, like so much unwanted junk mail, dubious submissions such as *Spaced Invaders*, *The Seduction*, *Tarantulas*, *Deadly Cargo*, and twenty Atlanta Braves baseball games. It's enough to make anyone do the "Simpson Shudder."

However closely this column resembles a rant against television, it is not. This is a rant for TV, for what it could be, should be, and sometimes is. Mention the phrase "state-run television" to an American and their automatic image is of mindless zombies hooked on brainwashing propaganda. America is the most ironic place ever conceived.

The fact is that public television, he it state administered or not, is often the most satisfying choice for the viewer of anything more than sub-standard intelligence. In a public television situ-



viewers would be so offended by the hint of masturbation (something 50% of all women and 90% of all men admit to doing); that the products being advertised in the breaks would take on some sort of taint, and become unmarketable. The slots were immediately filled by other sponsors and the episode received the highest rating *Seinfeld* (ital) had achieved to that point in its two year run. But had the incident occurred with a less popular show, those eight advertisers would probably have succeeded in their blatant attempt at censorship.

By contrast, last year CBC cut their "blooper." They decided, without fanfare, that their audience after 10 pm were primarily mature adults who could handle a few undiluted and uncensored swear words. Because of this decision, their Thursday Canadian movie showcase was one of the highlights of their schedule. Never on an American non-cable channel would you be able to see such highlights of, and excellent, fare as *Leolo*, *Dead Ringers*, and *Jesus of Montreal* in exactly the same form as they were shown in the theatres, save for a few commercial breaks.

If anything is offensive, it is not the word "fuck" and not the sight of an unclad penis but the banality and homogeneity of network TV. Besides the holy trinity of *Simpsons*, *Seinfeld*, and *Northern Exposure* (three shows that, in their way,

challenge the tight parameters which they are expected to function within), everything else worth watching is on cable or public television.

The Larry Sanders Show

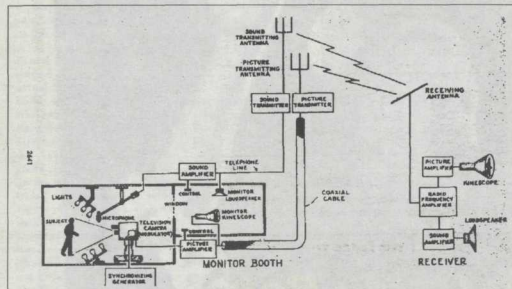
was the most biting satire to hit the box since *The Kids in the Hall* debuted back in '88, is on HBO and imported to Canada by CBC. In the States, but only in some markets and very late at night, CBS broadcasts the aforementioned *Kids*; however the shows are produced in the Toronto studios of CBC. Where *In The World Is Carmen Sandiego* (not just a kids game show but a truly entertaining way to pass the time until dinner is ready) and the ever humorous *Sesame Street* are from PBS productions. From the BBC, PBS regularly brings to North America such small screen classics as *Floyd on France* (and Britain and Spain and Australia and Ireland), *Red Dwarf*, *Singing Detective*, and *Black Adder*.

And then there is educational TV which you can hardly be surprised to find that I'm advocating, considering the natural flow from thinking to hating network pabulum television to enjoying visually and intellectually stimulating stuff. This is where the stigma associated with watching shows that are "good for you" ends. I refuse to apologise or explain my enthusiasm for such beautifully mind bogging series as *Connections* or *The Day the Universe Changed* which are both written and narrated by the ever-charming James Burke. These series are both often rerun on TLC

and PBS, and they epitomise the best of non-fiction television.

Using light humour, extensive research, well-costumed dramatizations, and the profound mind of Prof. Burke, both explain elements of societal change in western civilization from Roman times to the present. The information relayed is never babified for the audience, but the subjects discussed are simplified and elaborated on so that those (like myself) who may not be geniuses can still get into the proceedings. An interest in anything from painting to trains to sound technology to the bomb is all that is required to enjoy these series.

There are those people who, despite anything they may read in *Discorder*, will still only be interested in infomercials, heavy metal videos, and TNN's monster truck and dirt bike Sunday extravaganza. The next time you sit down in front of that wacky invention called television, carefully consider your options, demand more from those who are presenting you with those options, and please don't blame that innocent mess of plastics, copper, and invisible waves for the ills of a society it was invented to improve. It's time to pass the responsibility for the ills of the medium on those who abuse it so shamelessly for their own profit.



paths, but does the moral imperative, and therefore blame, lie with an assortment of tubes, wires, and signals?

Small children become hooked on ultra-violent, intelligence-numbing programming not because their parents own a TV set but because some greying, balding, three married, executive-salaried asshole decides that stuffing his already bursting wallet is more important than ensuring that people of all ages don't have to put up with (or become "addicted" to) seventeen murders an hour and enough female material that actually benefits but mauling, the corporate television power players ramble on about

girls into skimpy outfits) is broadcast into your home four times a day? That *Full House* is on twice a day and three times on Tuesdays? That *90210* (which is apparently more addictive than smack and should not even be watched once - you may be its next victim!) airs two different episodes every week, not including all its spin-offs and ripoffs? Or that *Cheers* is on five times a day on Thursdays, four times a day on other weekdays, and once each day of the weekend? I'll admit that *Cheers* was a better than average network comedy that often featured some very sharp writing but does it have to be available twenty-six times a week?

To start naming some names, Ted Turner has optioned the rights to the title King Schlock. Besides

ation, the broadcaster is not responsible to commercial interests to keep the station financially afloat but, rather, to the audience who fund such enterprises through donation (e.g. PBS in the U.S.) or through taxes (e.g. CBC in Canada and BBC in Britain).

It is this relative liberty from the interests of the almighty buck that allow these types of stations to break the yoke of conformity that is imposed on commercial stations. What is *Seinfeld*, one of network TV's most credible and gut-funny shows, decided to run their "Masturbation" episode, eight out of ten of their regular advertisers cancelled their spots during the show. They pulled out of very expensive prime time slots on a very high rated "hip" show because they were afraid most

Toasted TV Treats *

8 cups	250°F. oven	1 hour
8 c. butter or margarine	1. Heat oven. Melt table fat in long dripping pan or roaster. Mix in salt and other seasonings as desired. Stir with a wooden spoon every 15 minutes to blend well. Serve hot or cold.	
1 t. salt (omit taste)		
2 c. bite-size ready-to-eat wheat cereal		
2 c. bite-size ready-to-eat rice cereal	2. If placed in tightly covered container, the mixture will keep for several weeks. For a change, season with Worcestershire sauce, or garlic salt.	
1 c. ready-to-eat corn or oats cereal		
2 c. thin pretzel sticks		
8 lb. mixed nuts		

NOMEANSNO

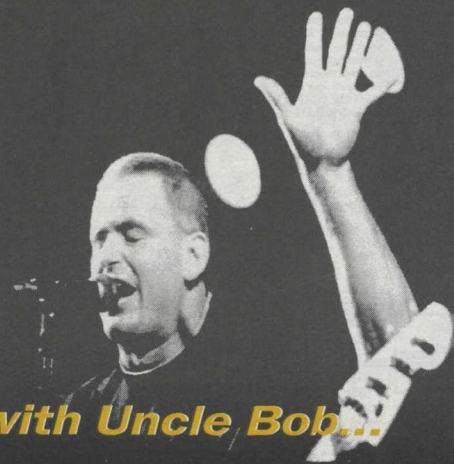
For more than twelve years, Nomeansno have been Victoria's international musical ambassadors. They certainly weren't elected to the position - probably most people in Victoria wouldn't know a Wright brother if he hit 'em on the head - but in terms of sheer musical innovation and global respect in the underground music community, Nomeansno are one of the only bands to gain an international reputation from playing whacked-out Ramones-strength avant-jazz psychoanalysis. For years, Rob and John (and later Andy as well) would play local shows at the Rat's Nest (an old Victoria firetrap that housed the city's more off-the-wall gigs) and cross the Strait to play Vancouver, van passengers hiding in the back in order to save on ferry tolls.

For years they were well-known around town as an amazing live show, and released their debut album *Mama* themselves, with an initial run of 500. Recorded as a two-piece with both brothers handling overdubs of guitar and keyboards, *Mama* was an album that was unlike anything that was being produced at the time: a dark, frightening landscape of repressed emotion and sexual confusion.

With the addition of Andy Kerr on guitar, Nomeansno became a viable live band and turned to mixing a more conventional rock approach with black humour and spastic instrumentation, as documented on their Undergrowth EP *You Kill Me*. After touring in the US and catching the attention of Jello Biafra and his Alternative Tentacles label, the releases became more frequent: the psychosis of *Sex Mad*, the Rock Eplo of *Small Parts*, *Wrong* (the "accessible" album), and *O+2=1*, a distilled collage of the different views and approaches the band had experimented with.

After Andy Kerr departed the band in 1992, Rob and John devoted themselves to other projects: Rob created his alter-ego Mr. Wrong, and John played and produced for the Show Business Giants. The Hanson Brothers, a reincarnation of Nomeansno's Ramones-tribute shows, put out an album and toured North America. Which brings us to the present: a new album done as a two-piece, and the first Disorder interview in ten years.

Rory Tait chats with Uncle Bob...



Disorder: What has changed for Nomeansno since Andy has left?

Rob Wright: Andy's not there anymore! (laughs)... at first we just took a break, because we weren't sure how we were going to proceed. I ended up being really bored, so I started doing Mr. Wrong which was really good because it was quite different, a challenge, and it got me playing every day.

The majority of the songs on the new (Nomeansno) album were written and performed as Mr. Wrong songs, which is why I think

they tend to be a little simpler and longer and ponderous instead of the faster, more intricate stuff. When we listened to the new album we said "Oh my God, are people going to sit down and listen to a whole hour of this?" There were even a couple of longer ones that we left off because there wasn't even any room on the CD.

Disorder: Some people have compared the sound to your first LP, *Mama*, which was also a product of the band as a two-piece.

Rob: I think it does sound that way, but only because it has a

preponderance of my material written on the bass, and that's also what *Mama* was. Which just shows you... I don't change at all! I've been writing the same songs for ten years, kids!

I don't know if the next work will have the same quality to it, because we're starting to work with other people. The next thing we're going to do is a fan compilation album on Wrong Records. It may not even be a Nomeansno album, with lots of guests and covers and weird stuff... sort of like a CD magazine in music form.

Disorder: What is happening with Wrong Records? I assume

it started out as an opportunity to take more control over putting out your material.

Rob: Yeah, people were mailing us, asking for stuff, and we wouldn't have anything we could sell them. So we decided to do a little business selling our own T-shirts and albums... and then there were a lot of odd things too, things we were on, 7 inches that were made around the world, and people would ask us about them. So we ordered a whole bunch of stuff, like the 7 inch from Finland, and various bootlegs. I don't know if we'll make it into an official "label" with

other bands who we'll try to promote and get out there... I mean, that's really hard. You'd have to have a real organization, you'd have to get more people involved and it would have to make some money, which it really doesn't do at the moment. We're not planning to take over the world or anything... it's a fun place to put out side projects and other things to occupy our time.

Disorder: You've been involved in a lot of side projects over the years: the Hansons, Show Biz Giants, the record with Jello, etc... how did your first approach Nomeansno when it started?

Was it just another side project?

Rob: No, Nomeansno has always been the central thing we've done. Especially when we started playing two-piece, that was the most focussed thing... in that form, but that was more of a studio thing, just two guys playing the instruments and putting the songs out, which is a whole other thing than being a live band. We wanted to be a live band, so we started the two-piece and since then, that's been the core of what we've done. Andrew was a huge part of the band, obvi-

ously, but the essential beginning was myself and John, playing songs with a rhythm-section emphasis and with a certain idea and emotional content and direction. That's why we've carried on; when Andy left the band we didn't say "well, we've got on to something else." As long as me and John are playing together, I'll always be Nomeansno.

Discorder: What is Andy doing now? The story I heard was that he was walking around Amsterdam with a gram of pot in his pocket and thought "Hey, this is legal!" and just decided to stay...

Rob: He developed a relationship with a woman who had managed a couple of our tours, and eventually it got to the point that his life was there. He just got sick of the touring, which had got quite... big. And he wasn't really comfortable with that, especially in Europe. He turned thirty and decided he had to take a left turn and do something different. He's been with us for eight or nine years, which is a long time for a band to be together in one format. I don't really know if he's doing anything musical at all... I think he's doing demos and stuff but whether or not he plans to be seriously involved in the music business again, I don't know.

Discorder: What do you think it's been that has made Nomeansno different from other "hardcore" bands?

Rob: I think it's because we started a lot earlier than the actual "hardcore" scene. The bands we listened to when we started playing music were the Ramones, The Sex Pistols, the Stranglers and then Pili and the "second-wave" in England... a little more avant-garde, where the attitude was to try out new things... some reggae rhythms, funk, try and shake things up. The band was never about actual politics, it was more into the personal politics and sexual politics of person-to-person issues. When we finally got touring, we were in that hardcore "scene," but we really weren't going the same way as most of the bands were, which was really fast music, intense, often very political lyrics and a very, very rigid format... they wanted to be like each other, rules of conduct, things like that, with a very "boys-club dib-dib-dib-dib-dib-dib" feel about it. We were just a little too old and a little bit politically incorrect to go along with it. I think what really makes us different is we've always wanted to be ourselves, and to the extent that if you're going to be yourself, you're going to be different from everyone else. Most bands, unfortunately, are trying to be the band they really like... and unfortunately they usually succeed. People really appreciate people who do things their own way... that's

what people are looking for: originality, that's what sparks interest. It's totally wrong-headed to look at someone else and say "If I write songs like them, I'll be like them!" By doing that, you're not going to be true to what's truly inside yourself. Personality comes into it as well, not as image, but actual people. Like the Minutemen, Mike Watt and D. Boon, these are individual people, and even if there were things I didn't like, I've always had a huge respect for that band, and for FIREHOSE, simply because they're themselves.

Discorder: It reminds me of the first time I saw you live, it was at an all-ages show at the Town Pump 86. There were about 25 people there, and as I was watching the opening band, this six-foot grey-haired guy in glasses came walking across the dance floor, bobbing his head to the music and I thought, "That must be their manager." And then you climbed up on stage and started playing! I thought you would be so cool, but you ended up being geeky like me!

Rob: That's what I think people appreciate... it's like, I'm allergic to cool; we've always been three nerdy guys from Victoria. I think one of the reasons we never got into this style thing is because in Victoria there was never a competitive "scene." There just weren't enough people — you couldn't divide the audience, or no-one would have anything! Everyone knew everyone else, so if you put on airs people would just smirk. Not to say that people didn't have the hair and the leather jackets, but for us... I think I looked like a punk rocker for about two weeks a long time ago, and then I thought "This is way too much trouble!" people would say that me being in the streets and I might get beat up by rednecks... and again, music is music, and it's very important in that function, but in terms of being a status-thing, a hierarchical-thing or a money-

maker... it can be all these things, but it really has nothing to do with what music really is. If you go someplace and you're the "rock star," some people think that's cool, but most people think it's just a pain in the ass. I'm just a little too old to be like that anyways... even if I tried I don't think I could be cool, especially now. I'm a forty-year-old man living in New Westminster! I'm your Dad, kids!

Discorder: Have you ever felt any urge to try jumping into the mainstream and fucking with

don't do that on a major label, you're nothing. So why put yourself in the position of all this pressure... for what? So you'll sell a few more records and not see any money out of them? I think we make more money now selling our 20-30,000 copies of each album than bands who sell 90-100,000 on a major label and who spent \$350,000 making it. The only people who have to do that are the people who are making full-scale commercial pop music... like Prince. I mean, what would he be doing on Alternative Tentacles? I have nothing

split them out on stage to people with some applause at the end and a few dollars. It's a way to communicate, and way to get in contact with people on a certain level that most people don't ever get the opportunity to. I have people who write me from Texas who I don't know, who talk to me about their personal lives and say things about the music that they've related to, and you begin to realize that you've made a connection with these people, although you've never really met them. That's what music is about;

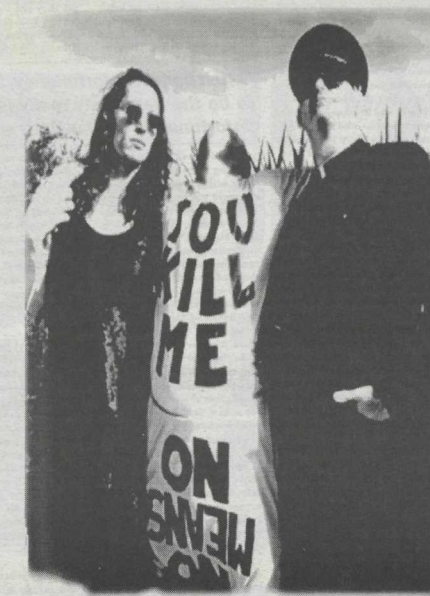
the purpose of music is not to make you rich and famous nor is it a platform for whatever political axe you've got to grind. It's about making a connection with people and sharing what you have in common with someone. If you write a song that comes out of some sadness in your life, and someone hears that song and feels sad, you realize you're sharing those feelings, that you are connected. That's how music has always been... people have got together, they've beat on drums, they sing, usually among people they know, in a close, tribal or communal relationship, and express in one voice whatever they're feeling... their desires, their fears... music doesn't need any other justification than that. It doesn't have to have a "message," it doesn't have to provide a lot of money for a lot of people... I'm not saying you can't write political and meaningful songs, a lot of people have. Some people make a good living and have made a big difference, it's not necessarily bad. But the more you move towards either of those ends, the more you're removing away from the central part of what music is, which is to be with people. That's the feeling you get when you're at a great concert... it's like "wow!" Those concerts I'll remember all my life, that moment, that's what the value of it is. And that's what the value is for me personally, I get to be the vehicle for that.

Discorder: How does that relate to your songwriting process?

Rob: Songs that are really good, that really move people do not belong to the artists that wrote them. The artist is the person who managed to bring the song out, but if you see the effect it has on people, you realize that it's a common thing. It's a little spooky, and I don't mean to get mystical about it, but I really feel that great songs and great music is a gift that comes through an artist, and the individual really doesn't have anything to do with it. A lot of people confuse themselves with their music, and that's when they begin to get fucked up and think they're God Almighty because their music is so powerful, but it's really not them — that's where they get confused. They're not the ones who are giving a shit about ones which it's coming through. Sometimes a great artist will suddenly stop producing great art... why? Are they a different person? No, it's just that what they're saying, the things they're trying to bring out aren't being communicated anymore, or they're no longer what people are interested in, what people are going through. Which is when you find people who do things in their lifetime that no one gives a shit about, and a hundred years later everyone goes "Wow! This is so great!" Whatever that artist was touching on, everyone else didn't clue into it until a hundred years later... unfortunately for them! And there's something sort of religious about music in that sense. It's a spiritual thing — a way which people, on levels you really can't specify, can connect. And everyone who wanders through the desert on their own, y'know... the individual, the great... ME... that's really not the valuable part, where you get the things that drive you in life. The things that are really important and deep... they're shared by everyone, and everyone is connected by those things. And that, to me, is the purpose of music: to bring that connection out.

Discorder: Have the progressions in your lyrical content and themes been a product of changes on a spiritual or emotional level?

Rob: I think it hasn't progressed so much as it's been refined. If you listen to the songs on *Mama* and you listen to the new songs, you find... the same songs! And I think I've been literally writing the same song with different words and music since that time. All I try to do is refine... I refine the understanding of what I'm doing, and by "understanding" I mean the emotional as opposed to intellectual; in a song like "Kill Everyone Now" or "Machine" or "I Need You," you'll find the same direction in songs



"I'm a forty-year-old man living in New Westminster! I'm your Dad, kids!"

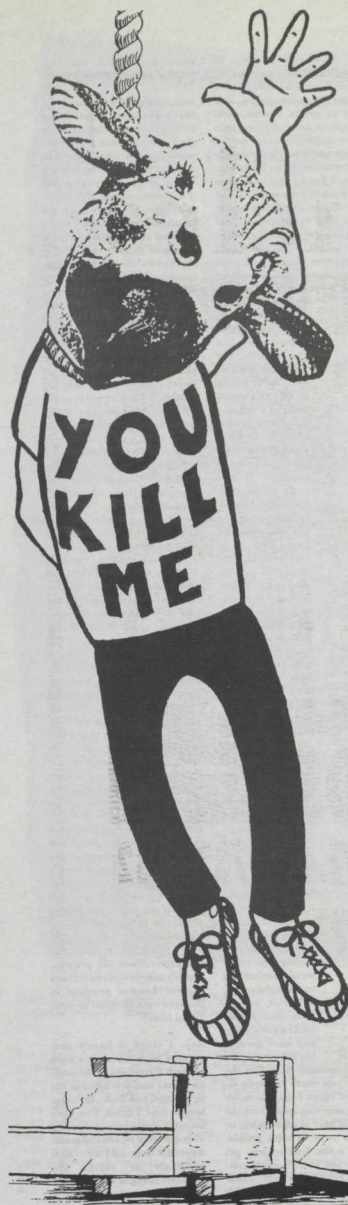
things like Sonic Youth claim they're trying to do?

Rob: No... because the mainstream will fuck with you. I think Sonic Youth and others are good examples of that not doing anything for their music, and they're certainly put themselves in alien positions which don't fit what they do. For us, I don't think we're ever going to write the kind of music that's going to sell 150,000 or 200,000 records, and if you

against major labels... they're in their world and we're in ours.

Discorder: What does playing in Nomeansno do for you personally? What do you get to express through the medium of the band that you might not communicate otherwise?

Rob: I get to say "fuck you" to everyone in the world! (laughs) All those little simmering things that most people carry around as ulcers 24 hours a day, I get to



from *Mama* like "Red Devil," or "Real Love" or "Victory." They're all trying to get to a place in the human heart where people are sad and hopeful at the same time, angry and needing love at the same time. These things are all fused together... I think the only thing different now is that I'm starting to lose a little of the crap, the mental crap, that goes along with lyric writing. Songs I've written that have been failures are songs like "Hunt the She-Beast," it's this real sort of intellectual little pompous thing about sexual politics, and I listen to it now and say "eww, it's such a lot of crap!" It's all thinking - with a song like "Kill Everyone Now," there's no "thinking" in that song, there's no "idea." It doesn't explain anything, and it really doesn't make much sense, but it has an emotional content and understanding. I could analyze it and cut this or that out, and say "it's about individual suicide translated into mass suicide" or whatever, but the less I do that when I'm writing, the more you just go "Blat!" and it comes out from somewhere — who knows. The only craft involved is putting it together so the impact of what you're saying is heightened instead of debilitated.

Discorder: What would you say is the difference between songs such as "Metronome" and "Long Days" and even "Victory" which to me symbolize an attempt to draw strength from inside oneself in opposition to the outside world, as opposed to songs like "Joyful Reunion" or "The River" which are more accepting of the circumstances that flow around you...

Rob: A song like "The River" deals with the contradiction: you're alone, and you're a part, and that situation where neither is really complete is a very hard one to take because it doesn't seem to be any meaning to it. "Joyful Reunion" is also that, in terms of what drives you in your life is the thing that might rip you apart. The violence of the songs is usually a recognition of the violence that's in life, that no matter how comfortable your life is, you're eventually going to disintegrate into pile of bones. "Metronome" has a lot in common with "The River" in the sense that they mean two things at the same time. "The River" is saying that we're always alone, we really can't talk to each other, and we're definitely just going

to be swept away from one another. But it also implies that we're all on the same river together, even if we can't really see or understand each other in the flow of things, and even if the beginning and the end is not quite clear, it's a pretty violent process. "Victory" is the same thing, it's really about defeat. It's about the only victory being the face you show to that defeat, and perhaps the question of "what is defeat?" I mean, we're all going to die, is that something we should be trying to avoid? Maybe the issue isn't whether we live or die, it's how you live. And maybe the issue isn't to rid the world of all evil, but how you deal with evil. Human beings will always have one foot in hell and one in heaven, and if you try to avoid either one, all you're going to be is a caricature of a human being — you're going to be pretending, you're going to try to be getting away from life. The more

"Most bands, unfortunately, are trying to be the band they really like... and unfortunately they usually succeed."

you avoid the evil things, in terms of facing up to them as they're there, as they present themselves, the more you're going to alienate yourself from the good things in life as well. "Metronome" is like "Machine," in that you are controlled, you are part of a machine, and you can't escape that, and in some cases you never would want to, because in a way, that machine is the structure by which you live. There's that band called Rage Against the Machine, it's a very clichéd attitude to be "against the powers that oppress," but if people were really faced with the dissolution of that order, they'd just be grasping for a new one! Because that's what you hang your hat on, how you get up on time in the morning and stop at the stop sign... so all if this stuff you don't want to throw out... it keeps you safe and gets you through the day. Everyone carries within them the rules of conduct, and in many ways we're not individuals, we are communal creatures, part of a huge human machine that we all carry with us. These are contradictions which sort of whir around... this is the source of the inspiration that these songs end up coming out as.

Discorder: Do you have any rock heroes left?

Rob: Sure... Jimi Hendrix, The Sex Pistols, The Ramones... I mean, The Ramones are obvi-

ously past their prime, but to me, that first Ramones album is perhaps the most perfect piece of music ever written. It was a revelation to me when I first bought it... I used to play it twelve times a day and people would say "Would you turn off that shit!"... I mean, no-one liked this music when I started listening to it. The same sort of thing hit me with Hendrix as a teenager... John Lee Hooker, Hank Williams. I think it's just people who, by accident or design manage to be themselves and let it come out. I don't like any of Hendrix's songs... his words are all crap, but when you take those solos... there you're got it! And with the Ramones, it was as if everything was nothing; they couldn't play, they had nothing to say, a bad attitude about everything, and yet they put fourteen close-to-perfect little pop songs on that record. So I don't know if they're "heroes," but there are a lot of

tracks. Basically what started our musical career was a) the "new" music, and b) the four-track, because then we started making those songs with two mikes in our basement. We did that for a good two years before we ever tried to play live in any context. That's another reason why the new album is very much like *Mama*, because it's a totally studio thing, it wasn't done live at all. The songs were played live on all our other records, which is maybe why *Live And Cuddly* is one of the best representations of what we did with Andy, because with him we were basically alive band, and that's what got us our audience. I think for a lot of people, the live show was first and the records were a close second... if that! [laughs]

Discorder: On some of your earlier recordings with Andy it seemed as though you were grasping for a faithful studio sound, which didn't happen until *Wrong*.

Rob: Yeah, and in a funny way, that was probably the most successfully performed and recorded record, but to me, it's not one of my favourites at all, because it doesn't have that much depth. I prefer *Small Parts* and the new album, but I can see how people would like them both less than *Wrong*. And I knew when we were doing it that it would be our most popular record, and I also knew it was the one I'd like the least. Not to say I don't like it, I like it a lot — it's just that I like things that are way less accessible, and way more... disturbing. I think when you're hit the disturbance level, you're actually getting into the meat of things. If you can bug people and disturb them, they're not going to like that much. That's why we'll never be a commercial band, because the majority of people will never want to hear that kind of music. If you're trying to disturb people, you're defeating your purpose by thinking that you're going to sell a lot of records. There will always be a few people who are actually searching for that kind of confrontation with music - but not many. I think we're damn lucky to be as popular as we are, I always sort of thought it was a fluke, actually.

As you can see, Rob had a lot to say; we talked for over an hour. He was every bit as friendly and open as he is on stage, and even gave me a ride to the bus stop in his station wagon. Nonsense! He will be doing a tour of Australia this fall with Tom Holliston of the Show Business Giants on guitar.

bands who I look at and say "they did this perfectly." I can't think of any recently... it's more people I've met through the band, like Snuff or The X from Holland. They're people I've got to know as human beings, and that's different from those "legendary figures" that you don't really know anything about...

Discorder: How about bass heroes?

Rob: Lemmy! I think that's the very sound I've been looking for all my life... and people whose names I can't remember: the guy who used to play for The Stranglers... terrible band nowadays, always was in a way, an extremely dodgy band, but amazing bass playing and a menacing quality to their music... Jah Wobble from PIL... I've always had a great admiration for the bassist for The Attractions: if you want to hear an amazing bass player, put on *Get Happy* and listen to the bass lines.

Discorder: I'm at the point where I want to jump off into the *Guitar Player* section of the interview, but I'll try to restrain myself. Just how long have you been playing?

Rob: Since I was 16 on guitar, but I didn't play in front of anyone until I was 23 or 24. I then I started playing bass and guitar because me and my brother were recording on four-

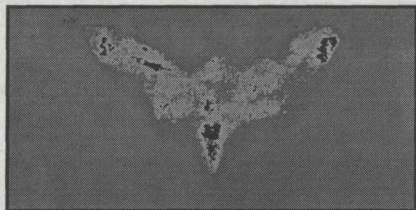
Rose Chronicles

DEAD AND GONE TO HEAVEN

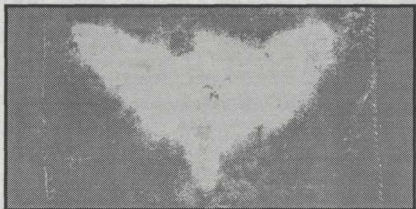
THE DEBUT EP



AVAILABLE



SEPT 24



ON SALE \$7.98

**IN-STORE
PERFORMANCE**

**ZULU
RECORDS**



1869 W. 4TH AVE. 604-738-3232

**SEPT. 24
4:00 PM**

 **NETWORK**

FREE!

VANCOUVER

SPECIAL

The column failed to make an appearance in December last month (did you notice?) and I just wanted to say it was Kim's fault for being on tour. Before I start reviews and such I would just like to observe that for whatever reason, there's no fairly active scene in Vancouver these days. Your chance of getting involved in a more organizational level is only a phone call away: ask Wozzie at 945-1770 to get in touch with the finest Queer Co-op. It should go without saying that lame bar-room '70s retro rock 'n' roll pads are not welcome.

An excellent overview of the different bands in the Vancouver scene is the *Wade-Free Vancouver* compilation. Overall, this comp is not as great as one would hope, but there are a few stand-out tracks, and it reveals the Vancouver scene to be relatively varied and energetic. For me, the best songs are performed by *Feed Your Babyhead* (quirky, odd noise with melodic, ethereal vocals), *Red Sugar* (with a hypocritically catchy heavy riff), *Faeppeller* (the CD is almost worth having just for the heavy raw crunch of this song) and *Sludge* (heavy, powerful rock, although not quite as amazing as some of the songs on their last demo). There are a few real dogs on this comp, but 45 ppd. for 18 bands, *Wade-Free Vancouver* makes for an inexpensive survey of the Vancouver scene. Write to: Wade-Free, c/o C. Greer, P.O. Box 52023, North Vancouver, B.C.

Guns are managing to inspire some of our people with their *Rope Hunt* tape (55 ppd., P.O. Box 8187 Victoria B.C., V8W 3R8), for a very good reason. The tape demonstrates raw, distorted noise that manages to be fantastically energetic and catchy as hell at the same time. I've heard they're unbelievable live, so one can only hope they'll play Vancouver soon.

Another great release from Victoria is the new Good Boy tape (504 Sturdee St. Victoria B.C., V9A 6R3). Hardcore as it was and go-for-the-throat, with screaming vocals and short, crunchy guitar riffs. There's very refreshing in these days of post-grunge heavy-core.

The first I heard of the *Vinagrettes* (Carolyn Mark, 954 Mason St., Victoria,

B.C. 604 384-4183) was on the *Blots Vol. 1* compilation out of Victoria. At that time, they sounded more like a novelty band. But that they've progressed from their more humble roots. With some additional members, the *Vinagrettes* play tongue-in-cheek indie-rock, just guitar pop with just a slight touch of that steel guitar country sound: not bad.

The *Touch and Go's* play fantastic guitar-edged pop in the tradition of Go Four 3 on their *in Your Pocket* tape. What more need I say? Write them at: 3541 East Pender Street, Vancouver, B.C. V5K 2E2.

Apparently, the guy behind the *PROF. 210 - Lab* tape (455 E. 21st Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V5V 1R3, 874-4419) was the former drummer and vocalist of *Cravel* and *Trust Us*, if that means anything to you. I suppose I would have to classify this under "experimental," although "self indulgent" might do just as well. A mindless repetition of mechanical electronic drumbeats and strange vocal harmonics.

McDonald's CRACK! That's Where the Action is.

Who are *A-Noles*? Well, their *Seven* tape is not really noise, it's an All of Us band of friends who can't play instruments together to record something. I would suppose that many people have done this at need to hear it?

"ZINES"
Popular *Bois #2* is a mini-zine which is bizarre, demented, and mildly amusing. Can't say I have any idea where you'd find it, but it's only 25 cents.

Correction is a music 'zine which hails from Victoria. #6 features various live show reviews, interviews with the *Stranglers*, *MTX* and *Perz*, and various *'70s/Demo* record reviews, as well as an excellent front cover. For a copy of this or other issues send \$1 plus postage to: 2418 Doyle St., Victoria, B.C. Canada, V8R 5T2.

Everybody is into comics these days, and if you care to enter into a universe of nose-picking, rock-star, beatnik, dead-end, and satirical vacuum cleaner clubs you

may enjoy issue #1 of *Offkilter*. Write: Tim Grant, 3732 Point Grey Rd., Vancouver B.C., V6R 1B2.

Love is Good #1 is a very punk looking 'zine (i.e., no computer layouts for once). Computer layouts are getting REALLY FUCKING BORING! (Kinda like *Flux* order?) -ed) It features a very short Thumbtack interview, some 7-inch reviews, a 'how-to' on shoplifting and hairballs, wigs and weaves for skins. It's free in stores or send \$1 to: 1285 W. 41st, Apt. 201, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K6

Since Vancouver had a fairly active summer, what with the large number of all-ages shows, the "Under the Volcano" event and the "frenzy" anarchist gathering, among other things, I wanted to take the time to talk about some of the local bands I've forgotten to mention at other times.

I unfortunately missed "frenzy" because I missed my dates and was stuck in the mountains with my "wilderness man" roommate at the time. Due to bad timing I haven't had a chance to see any East Van punk bands such as the *Dunderheads*, *Insult to Injury* or *Black Kronstadt*, but hopefully they'll play again sometime soon. I did see *Motherwell* and *Elvis Love Child* at the *Ripped/Rancid* show. And *Child* at the *Ripped/Rancid* show. Although *Motherwell* did nothing for me (damn, "wailing rock 'n' roll," some people seem to love it), *Elvis Love Child* had been legends with their angry, raw, chunky riffs and powerful/melodic vocals. They were way better than I expected.

If you ever saw a bunch of kids basking on Robson with a strange hee-ho blend of hilarity and cynicism and you're like, "you'll know what I'm talking about when I say that *Polkahead* are the ultimate basking band. Completely undisturbed by technical difficulties (when I saw them at the *Hungry Eye*), they just unplugged their amps and kept playing. An excellent drinking band, even if the songs do all start to sound the same after awhile.

I'd just like to ask a question: Where the hell is everybody when *Faeppeller* plays live shows? Most Vancouver bands seem to have their "following," but many people seem to ignore one of Vancouver's best bands. Oh well, fuck you if you haven't a taste.

FRONT LEG

the cruel elephant

concert productions present:

This is to confirm your worst fears. The cruel elephant is back. Back I tell you! And we're not gonna take it anymore. This town was pretty weak for good shows unless they were the odd big back multinational corporate controlled rock show worth going to. So do your part and don't contribute to the exploitation of third world countries or our own. Think the cruel elephant. We now have the best sound system of all the cruel elephants, provided by the experts at Audio Applications. The next time you go to a show and wonder how this all got so predictable, Think Change. Think INDEPENDENT. Think the cruel elephant. Vancouver's only live alternative venue since 1990. I could list a bunch of amazing shows that happened in the past so you could say "WOW, I didn't know they played, that must have been awesome!" or simply say, "yeah, I was at that show, it rocked my world." It's not just a Punk thing. It's not just a noise thing. It's not just a Grunge (or back of a better word) thing. It's not just an Art thing. It's a rock thing for all people of this fine city and beyond. Those who forget the past will be forced to repeat it, and that's okay by me. Well as far as music goes anyway. Suck up a little history and don't miss the show or you'll be sorry!

Friday Aug. 27 - ITCH w/ THE SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS Friday/Saturday Sept. 3/4 - **STOP VIOLENCE** A benefit for rape relief and women's shelters in memory of Tina Thompson Friday featuring **RUMPLESTEELSKIN w/ ROOTABEGGARS w/ DROPDOLLS w/ DEMPSEY STONE** and Saturday featuring **ELVIS LOVE CHILD w/ BUNKOWITZ**, the piano player from *Iron Fray*, w/ **SH** w/ **NUK** Friday Sept. 10 - *Mini/Zine* recording artists **TANK HOG** w/ from *Portland*, **APARTMENT 3-G** (ex *Polson* Idea, formerly *Mule*) w/ **FIDDLEHEAD** from *Atlanta* on *Allied Records* Saturday Sept. 11 - *Edmonton's* **THE LOVED ONE** w/ **TICKET TRAIN** w/ **INHERENT** Friday/Saturday Sept. 17/18 - **ELECTION BENEFIT for the Gnu Democratic Rhino Reform Party**. More fun than a champagne enema! Bring your strap on liver, you'll need it! Meet the candidates! Spank the candidates! Get spanked by the candidates! An orgy of frank culture featuring **FAITH NO LESS, JANE'S AFFLICTION** and many special guests. Sign up for the first annual *Steve Fonyo Pub Crawl* to follow the *Terry Fox Run* on Sunday Sept. 19.

"If I can't drink I'll throw up. I don't want to be a part of your sinking revolution!" - *Hunter S. Thompson*

Friday Sept. 24 - Album release party (on all three formats). **Forensics** recording artists from Vancouver, **SUPERCONDUCTOR** w/ the Nordic metal of **THORSEN** Saturday Sept. 25 - *Epiphany* recording artists **S.N.F.U.** w/ **ATOMIC** 61 from *Sackler/Portland*. **"Like a bomb going off in your basement."** - *NME*

Releases by Sympathy for the Record Industry (LA), Baylor (NY), Intellectual Convulsion (France), and Beechwood Music (UK) Friday Oct. 1 - *An Alternative Tentacle* Fest with A.I. recording artists **VICTIM'S FAMILY** and **PORCH** (ex *Primus*) w/ **TBA** Saturday Oct. 2 - The garage jazz core of **COCTAALS** w/ *Cargo* recording artists **PITCH BLEND** Friday Oct. 8 - *Tough N' Go* recording artists **SEAM** w/ *Winnipeg's* **BULLET PROOF** *INHERENT*. More to come including *Bliss*, *UNREST*, *STEREO LAB*, *ZENI GEVA*, *Japan*, *MUDWIMMIN*, *ETHYL MEAT* and *THE SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS* to name a few. All this and more at *930 STATION ST.* Beside (N) the new bus station. Behind (E) the Old American Hotel on Main St. Four blocks north of the Main St. Skytrain Station. Beside (S) the Venables off-ramp of the Georgia Viaduct. (Take Main St. exit heading east on the viaduct and go straight instead of turning.) Ample parking and close to major transit transfer points.

Doors at 10:30. Show at 11:00. No Minors -

- Purchase fix the door the day of the show -

DONTFORGET the cruel elephant's famous CRUEL T'S DISCO NIGHT every Tuesday at the fabulous *Commodore Ballroom*. Ticket only \$3 GST included. *Disco gear* on? No lining up! All request of the time. *"Get down tonight, baby!"* **PLUS** Sunday Sept. 26 - **NEUROSIS** w/ *7 Year Bitch* w/ *HITTING BIRTH* w/ *GOD AND TEXAS* at the *Commodore*. **TIX \$10** in advance, \$12 at the door

the cruel elephant loves you

Good Boy Productions
#4-302 West Second Avenue,
Vancouver, BC V5Y 1C8
Phone 254-3344 • Fax 254-7239

BYO LINE AND KIM KIRK

ALTERNATIVE TO WHAT??

smashing pumpkins • siamese dream



SMASHING PUMPKINS - *Siamese Dream*

"I was trying to get the sound of things like coughing angels, the king and queen of the prom setting themselves on fire, losers getting laid, high hopes being ripped down and fizzling out."

- Billy Corgan

Siamese Dream, SMASHING PUMPKINS' second full length release, is over an hour's worth of spiritual and sonic transcendence. Its thirteen songs are massive yet sharply focussed, overwhelmingly yet frighteningly direct.

SMASHING PUMPKINS' love of entropy and noise is equalled only by their penchant for tunefulness. The band harnesses chaos without sacrificing power and spins glassine melodies. On *Siamese Dream*, the band reaches a level of mastery, transferring this highly developed craft into a breathtaking emotional wallop. Every song hits pressure points that most people have either repressed or forgotten. The resulting chills, pheromones, and endorphins are only slightly less dangerous than real drugs...or real love...

CRACKER - *Kerosene Hat*

"Songwriting is like stripping," draws CRACKER's David Lowery, "Some dancers just go a little further than others."

Kerosene Hat marks a watershed in David Lowery's career, which spans eight albums with Camper Van Beethoven and CRACKER.

Demonstrating an artful flare for burlesque, CRACKER's new album peels down to its bare artistic essence. Among the collection of vignettes and oddities, you'll still find the up-tempo humour that

fuelled CRACKER's acclaimed self-titled 1992 debut, and its hit single, "Teen Angst". Yet a darker streak underscores many of *Kerosene Hat*'s new rockers, exemplified by the debut single, "low" and its film noir video featuring Lowery in a boxing ring with Sandra Bernhard à la *Raging Bull*.

Lowery admits, "I get a big kick out of occasionally writing songs like 'Teen Angst' - I think it's a really eloquent little tirade. I feel comfortable with using irony and sarcasm in my songs."



VERVE - *A Storm in Heaven*

"Best album of 1993" - *Alternative Press*

VERVE has rapidly emerged as an intriguing, sometimes unnerving group of musicians that don't hesitate to take chances. *A Storm in Heaven*, VERVE's debut album is set against a backdrop of echoing guitar mantras and engrossing rhythms, awash in feedback and attitude. *A Storm in Heaven* is described by *Alternative Press* as "all crisscrossing tingles, headspinning wonder, kaleidoscope visions, freefalling bliss, orgasmic shudders, etc."

Spin named them a group "destined to shine

brightly in 1993...passionate rock 'n' roll with grand ambitions."

The group, however, measures their success one listener at a time, or as Richard Ashcroft (vocals for the group) puts it: "If I can move a person emotionally and take them to another place, it would mean more to me than being on 'Top of the Pops' or seeing us in the Top Ten. It's a big world out there and none of those things compare with touching someone with your music."

SYLVIAN/FRIPP - *The First Day*

Two of music's most notable visionaries, DAVID SYLVIAN and ROBERT FRIPP, have joined forces; *The First Day* is the realization of their longtime desire to collaborate on a full length album.

Throughout their respective careers, both SYLVIAN and FRIPP have embraced a wide variety of influences - ranging from rock to jazz to

electronic to orchestral - in the process of creating provocative, challenging music. Both artists have distinguished themselves in ensembles as well as solo artists.

DAVID SYLVIAN finds attained prominence with his band Japan, one of the most refreshingly original British groups of the late 70's and early 80's. ROBERT FRIPP is well known as the founder of Britain's innovative King Crimson and has production credits with Peter Gabriel and the Roches.



THESE *Virgin* SNOW AVAILABLE

a&b sound
YOUR TOTAL ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE

A&B CLAIMS For all your insurance needs call 603-882-0333

TOLL FREE Out of town 1-800-882-0333

Downtown Vancouver
South Vancouver
East Vancouver
Metrotown Burnaby
North Surrey
Downtown Victoria
Downtown Nanaimo
Downtown Kelowna

556 Seymour St.
732 SW Marine Dr.
3422 E Hastings (at Cassiar)
6568 Kingsway
10280 - 135th St.
641 Yates St.
9 Commercial St.
425 Len Ave.

687-5837
321-5112
298-0464
439-0222
589-7500
385-1461
753-3241
763-6300

RED McJANN GETS HER MONEY'S WORTH AT...



Ooch, I get to go to Highwood, the granddaddy of the Lollapaloozas, the great white-capper and sleazy cousin to the more honorable In-Fest, which happened nearly a week prior to Highwood '93.

How in the world does Alberta think it can get away with having not one but TWO economy-sized Woodstocks, both outrageously priced for your average canuck? GAIN-chequing social. or...non-conformist? How does Alberta (the Texas of Canada) think it will sustain the interest and dollars of several thousand fickle North American shakers under the guise of "They've have'n' a whiffed parade somewhere in the Canadian prairies...ya gotta come and bring lots of cash!"

It sounds impossible and totally unreasonable, but I'm almost certain that next to the Calgary stampede, these big indie shindies are Alberta's only plausible tourist attraction that have any relation to some kind of 'culture'.

Oh and what culture! Pepsi cans standing six feet high as the gods of good luck and prosperity that all our little modern primitives have come to adore and endure. I didn't have to put to get in and I didn't have to suck anyone off to get there. The world slowly turns and I jes sit here and impress myself.

Friday Aug. 13, dawn...

People are cramming their tents as close to the highway as possible while we select a poth site beside the Smiffrite. The two sunglasses vendors I arrived with (whom are my saving grace as far as admission goes) leave in search of brotherhood and beer.

Meanwhile I sit in the van and take a slow pan of the campers around me. No one is my brother yet. In fact, the only people awake are some disheveled faith-riddled parties that yell "WUUU WUUU!" for the rest of their Woodstock-missin' lives.

This particular gauge was standing around, drinking, and listening to Hawaii-era

Elvis: wasted days and wasted nights. I went to bed.

...10:15 a.m.

I drag my sorry ass to the gate to get my stinking wristband. The vendors are just starting to set up and are more than mirroring the mood I'm in. A fifty-nine-year-old sage says the band on me and I'm practically back to sleep already. Halfway back to the van, a security guard yells "I know, lemmingues, you're BORED already, aincha?" I cheerily explain to him that I'm really quite taken with the goings-on but I now must rest. I marvelled in the pop culture splendor of it all, rolling gently into a nap that would last until late in the day.

...late in the day

You can't just jump into a crowd sans amphetamines. The crowd provides too much distraction, the few thoughts you had swimming around in your hairy head become...erased. You don't think at all. You let the crowd start thinking for you. You become angry. You are angry at yourself for losing control. You are angry at the crowd for luring you into this void, and you must MOSH! You get anxious and MOSH like the animal you are, MOSH like the WIND, damn you, mosh all the pain and suffering awayyyy...

I dunno, maybe you can just sit in your little van and write little knee-jerk sociological rants for your little paper... I opted for the latter as King Missile took the stage. While I love listening to that crazy "Detachable Penis" song on the radio and I think that the Scorecize tribute on the flipside of their hit-packed cassette was just tré right-on and solid, live they are no treat.

I've been tent-hopping the two stages for hours and I have to say it warms my heart to see the beer gardens empty and the local band tent nearly

full. I can hear the freakshow in the tent right now; it sounds better than King Missile but it's a whopping two dollars that I really should save to buy a Pepsi later. Gotta have it.

The really good band I saw was Squat from Calgary (conveniently opposite of D.R.I. on the big stage). Perhaps I only really liked them because the Bron fowl-looking security guy who doubled as the M.C. rubbed the stage after they played and blurted "That was Squat, they're largely misunderstood, but perhaps that's because they're light years ahead of their time!"

Squat are four lovely women from Calgary who probably don't want to stay at... appearance for... None.



...I could write some frilly copy about the quiet turmoil of finding an empty Port-o-let, but I find this whole story so far to be embarrassingly light on substance so I will now just stare at the glaring floodlights in the parking lot being used for the Oval races next door...

house when they come to play in your town, but they will anyway if you entice them with a decanter of chilled Robitussin DM. They're on some Calgary indie comp CD coming out in the fall and that's really all I know.

I could write some frilly copy about the quiet turmoil of finding an empty Port-o-let, but I find this whole story so far to be embarrassingly light on substance so I will now just stare at the glaring floodlights in the parking lot being used for the Oval races next door. I've counted seven demolished

sportscars already (one of them brought to you by McDonald's). Indie music, Indy cars... good Christ, it's all too much right now.

Saturday Aug. 14 1:30 pm

The morning started with an other Calgary band called Rouge Pope. Surprisingly un-folky, their angst and dissonance was well suited to their 11:00 time slot and the inside of my head.

Mudhoney closed the big stage last night. The promoter only allowed them to play half their set, so that he would only have to pay them half their appearance fee.

None.

Alcohol! The last great hope for the socially challenged, my very last drop of choice, completely free and knee-deep accessible by this time of the night (2:30), and certainly not as much of a corporate push in this year's festival as in the last one.

I muddle up to my arrogant boyfriend, the warm, throbbing generator, and swilled back two cool cans of Black Ice, getting right into Porkword with the help of the cloud of gas surrounding me. I select another full Planer Hi-Can and go back into the tent. Porkword are beginning to sound more Killdozer inspired and I'm getting into it even harder. I'm so full of courage I go right into the mosh and another some confused arena rocker into submission. I slept alone.

Saturday, Aug. 14 7:30 pm

This is smack-dab in the middle of the festival and that makes it the most populated chunk, I'd imagine. The field looks fairly sparse however, and the looming dead sinks into the atmosphere. I wish I could go off on some diatribe about how I did coke with Mark Arm, talked about politics with Bad Religion (cancelled) and hell, even twisted one up with Tommy Chong (whereas-

tures. Instead, they were relentless. I can't remember the last time I heard a member of an all mammary band say (oh, I'm not saying it's a good thing) "Go ahead and fuckin' MOSSH!"

They warned the crowd up nice for Porkword, who are from Saskatchewan. These crazy guys have everyone turning their heads to their buddy and saying "I just got seen them for the name!"

Four bald guys with varying degrees of facial hair, sporting black satin Johnny Cash blouses, got on stage and belted out a happy melody of Black Flag and Devo. This brutal and punishing sound kicked my primal urges into overdrive, compelling me to lose all rational decorum and submit to instinct. I headed over to the dumpster and got drunk.

Alcohol! The last great hope for the socially challenged, my very last drop of choice, completely free and knee-deep accessible by this time of the night (2:30), and certainly not as much of a corporate push in this year's festival as in the last one.

I muddle up to my arrogant boyfriend, the warm, throbbing generator, and swilled back two cool cans of Black Ice, getting right into Porkword with the help of the cloud of gas surrounding me. I select another full Planer Hi-Can and go back into the tent. Porkword are beginning to sound more Killdozer inspired and I'm getting into it even harder. I'm so full of courage I go right into the mosh and another some confused arena rocker into submission. I slept alone.

Saturday, Aug. 14 7:30 pm

This is smack-dab in the middle of the festival and that makes it the most populated chunk, I'd imagine. The field looks fairly sparse however, and the looming dead sinks into the atmosphere. I wish I could go off on some diatribe about how I did coke with Mark Arm, talked about politics with Bad Religion (cancelled) and hell, even twisted one up with Tommy Chong (whereas-

need to steal all the Marshalls if he didn't get paid), but I'm just not that cool and I guess that's reflected in the people that eventually DO condescend to talk to me:

Skater guy from Victoria: Well, I just don't know how to pick up chicks. Mes: Maybe you're just always going after the wrong ones. What about all those like, Sassy-type girls with the bobbed hair and the baggy...

Skater: I TRIED those girls but they just look at me like "what the fuck do you want?"

Mes: Do you know even what you want?

Skater: I just want to eat your pussy, I just want to lick your clit.

Mes:.....uhhh, well, aaaaahhh...

Skater: What do you turn you on if I licked your clit?

Mes: Well, ummm... yeah, I guess so...

My Friend: Aw, he's for sure on a dare.

Skater: No, I'm just being honest, I guess I'm not supposed to go and say shit out loud like that, I guess you don't like it. Why don't you want me to eat you?

Mes: Uhh, I just don't get really turned on by people...that I don't know, I mean right now you're so easy...

Skater: O.K., O.K., yeah, I get it, I just really want to get laid...

Mes: Hey, that girl over there, she smiled at me but I bet she wants you. Skater: Ah, hey I could score...aw I'm not even that stoked, look she's going over to some stupid guy.

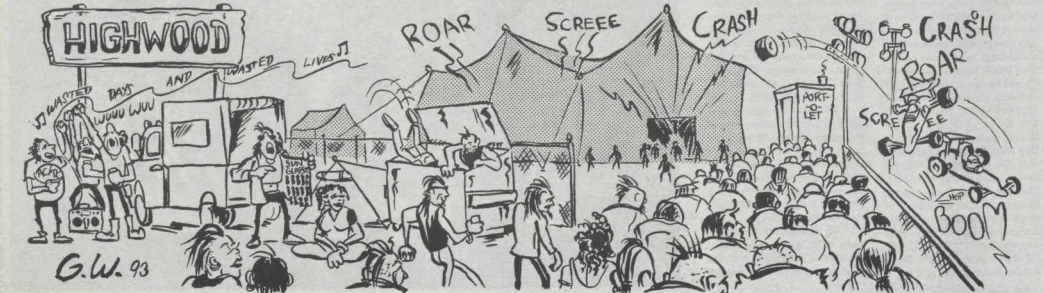
Mes: You're right, she is. Skater: They always go over to some stupid guy. Mes: Bye!

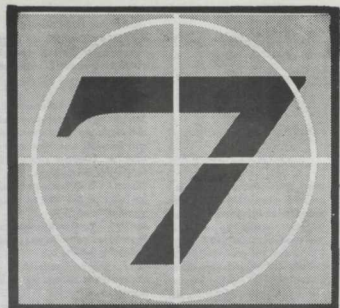
The day rolled on. I saw nothing in the program that would entice me from just wandering around.

Of course, I found out around 5 pm that The Evaporators played at 2 pm. Why, why, WHY, do I manage to catch all fucking FOUR of the Raporcz and Random Killing performances, but fail to see one of the six bands that I could possibly get excited over out of the 10,000-or-so bands I care nothing about.

The Muffs were the last band I saw before I got dragged back home and, thankfully, they were good.

So make your own ending up, slag me for not being thorough, or just weep yourself gently to sleep joyfully while listening to your old Jey Divinon records (I must likely hang around waiting for The Next Big Thing to come along.





BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Earlier this year I had the pristine opportunity to witness the pride of Alabama, **Man Or Astro Man?**. Besides their astounding live shows of in-studio stuff, several televisions and shocky stage props, Man Or Astro Man? are also dedicated to keeping their fans' dental care in the upright position. Aside from selling t-shirts and records, they have their very own patented "Tooth Paste" so you can "put your Man Or Astro Man where your mouth is." Hey, I've been using it for three months now; it's great stuff.

And now kids, you can have special musical accompaniment when teeth brushing, for Nanimao's Lance Rock Records have just released a Man Or Astro Man? EP entitled **Supersonic Toothbrush Helmet**; a round-house right to the pearly whites of reverberated surf in Alabama style.

And as is with all Astro gear,

the four songs are interspersed with humorous b-movie samples, all laced up in a brilliant colorful package. So for a more peppy, brighter (and younger) version of some of the more familiar Cinnamon astro bands, catch a breaker southbound to the anti-cavity, floss-beat of Man Or Astro Man? Oh, and be sure to seek out the LP on Estrus. (Lance Rock Records, 1223 College Dr., Nanimao, BC, V9R 5Z5).

Just in town recently were **Sunny Day Real Estate** who play that stuff like Sparkmar who I have so much trouble describing. I could use several easy cop-out descriptions like "hardcore," or maybe "straight-edge," or I could throw some "angst" in there... hell, why not "Fugazi"? Actually, nah, I'll skip on this time. How bout I just say that I liked it in a vague

sense of way, OK? Oh, and for a painful seven minutes, try reading the highly disturbing liner notes on the inside sleeve. (One Day I Stopped Breathing Records, 5321 7th Ave., NE, Seattle, WA, 98105, USA).

And from New York, the **Shrieking Violets** who are a fun-filled, all-click band who's four-song EP starts out slightly arty and then gets it all a-really rockin'. Shrieking Violets are like the Muffs meets Jimi Mitchell with strong "don't gimme no shit!" Big Apple vocals: tough stuff with fun energy, especially on "Bad Chinese Food". (Broken Records, P.O. Box 460402, SF, CA, 94146, USA).

The only Canadian contin-

gent this month is **Thrush Hermit** from... guess where? Where else?... Halifax. Hey! With a bit of practice these guys could be the Young Fresh Fell-

ows of the Maritimes! Pretty cool rock and roll on the whole, although the "fuzzed out" vocal effect backfires, making the vocals sound more muffled than the intentional distortion. All-in-all, they are catchy and hey, they've even got the screamin' Kurt Bloch guitar licks down pat! (Cinnamon Toast Records, 2464 Robie St., Halifax, NS, B3K 4N1).

Old Man is a group from Seattle who play mediocre pop of the punk variety and have failed to impress me too much on this debut outing on Top Drawer Records. They've got the potential, so maybe next time. (Top Drawer, 4219 5th Ave., NE, Seattle, WA, 98105, USA).

On the opposite face of the same card, the geographically anonymous **Vertigo** slide to new heights with some now punk of

the pop variety. The simple difference? A couple of good, catchy tunes. It's a nice surprise, since it's pretty rare for me to like anything out of the AniReg stable. (Amphetamine Reptile Records, 2645 First Ave., S, Minneapolis, MN, 55408, USA).

And for all the closet witches out there, Sheffield, England's **The Mourning After** have cackled out a spell-bindin' blast of '60's garage-raunch in the organ drenched variety similar to like minded Canadians like the Haunted or the Worst. Although completely retro, this stuff rocks damn hard and manages to grow on me (like a fungus) with each play. Greg Kaurer would love this! (Merry Go-Round Records, Flat One, 347 Queenstown Road, London, SW8 4LJ, England).

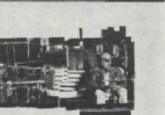
And for those of you who like what I hate, go snag the new **Don Caballero** single on Touch and Go.

Instrumental noise-die that horse me to death. (Touch And Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL, 60625, USA).

Can anyone out there tell me the name of New York's "slaprock 'n' roll"? If you screamed "The A-Bones" you are a thousand percent cer-rectual! This out the dukes of draft-on-tap have done a Northwest tribute single for Estrus, produced by Paul Revere and the Raiders' "Louie Go

Home," and the Sonics' "Maintaining My Cool." "Louie" is probably the most psychedelic stuff you'll ever hear from these ball-bashers. As well, it's great that "Maintaining" has finally been given justice, as opposed to the glaring anomaly that the Marshmallow Overcoat sped out years ago on the Sonics' tribute album. The dead-on cover art take-off of the Raiders' *Here They Come!* album is hilarious as well. Great record. (Estrus, Box 2125, Bellingham, WA, 98227-2125, USA).

Anybody remember last months rave review of local metallists Thorsen and their take on Viking Metal? Well, here, folks, is the real thing... direct from Borås, Sweden comes S.L.R., a really dumb metal combo. Harald, Lars, Ped-



and Micke trumpet some mighty ungodly rock here, that's for damn

sure. With the slowed down "Skeletor" vocals and the major metal finger fluttering, these rock'n'roll warriors are a match made by the gods for a split single with Thorsen. (Backadagsgata 9A, 50254 Borås, Sweden).



Please, Lord, help me wade through these difficult lists!

Her Fault: "Scar" b/w "Fourteen Days"... deranged melodic hardcore, sliding downhill into a psychedelic smooze-a-thon. Best thing about it is the paper bag, d.i.y. cover. (Backshot Records, 16136 Tukwila Rd., Poulsbo, WA, 98370, USA).

On a more positive chord, all the way from Orlando, FL, comes **Red Bug**, who's songs rollick and roll with southern delight. The a-side's "Blue Light Special" is a country pop tune, soundin' much like Seattle's Picketts or Van's own Hard Rock Miners. Whereas the b-side's "Downtown" depicts more of an R.E.M./Y.F.F. jangle pop barrage. A nice

departure from all the gloomy grunge! godelisteno. (Canned Corn Records, P.O. Box 2946, Orlando, FL, 32802-2946, USA).

And finally, yet another black vinyl slab from "The Gentlemen Of Rock And Roll" **Thee Headcoats**. This single, entitled "We Hate The Fuckin' NME!" is in reference to an article that appeared in Britain's New Music Express which "awarded" Thee Headcoats with the title of "Wannabe Inflammatory But Can't Quite Pull It Off Pathetic Pop Persona Of Idiots '60's Revivalists." Whew, quite a mouthful! Class-punk Billy Childish leads his Headcoats on a counter-attack with a poundin' two-chord emotional slam-fest, spitting on the UK rag. Over on the b-side, the men pull an about-face to let drummer Bruce Brand take over to do his best Peter Sellers impression (circa the BBC's *Goonies*) while singing the Beatles' "Help!"; totally pathetic and totally brilliant. The most impressive thing about this single must be the back cover's liner notes, where it lists all of Thee Headcoats' record labels: 17(0) different labels in total, spanning eight different countries world-wide! And if that ain't worth some positive press and respect in their own country, I fail to know what I (Damaged Goods, P.O. Box 671, London, E17 6NF, England).

SAMPLE IT!

A Fringe CD Sampler

OUT NOW

1. PAIN AND COURAGE - DEATH AND HORROR INC.
2. STORM IN THE SILENCE - SACRIFICE
3. NATURES FURY - DISCIPLES OF POWER
4. HERE TODAY GUANO TOMORROW - DANGLO ABORTIONS
5. SUCKER FOR PUNISHMENT - RAZOR
6. NITEN SANCTUM - SPLATTERPUNK
7. STONE COLD KILLER - DOGS WITH JOBS
8. COKE, THE REAL THING FOR REAL ASSHOLE
9. CLEAN - BUNCH OF FUCKING GOATS
10. F.O.D. - NORTHERN VULTURES
11. SPECIAL OLYMPICS - MAD
12. RE-ANIMATION - SACRIFICE
13. CLIMBING - D.I.Y.
14. CRISIS - DISCIPLES OF POWER
15. SHOGUN JUSTICE - RAZOR
16. DOGS WITH JOBS
17. SACRIFICE - SACRIFICE

Pond
Eric's Trip
Six Finger Satellite
The Town Pump
Thursday July 29

I despise keeping people in suspense, so as backwards as it may be, I'll give you my conclusion now: GOOD SHOW!

I missed Six Finger Satellite (I know, bad reviewer, bad!) but I managed to catch some tasty morsels about them from the crowd. Apparently the band felt up members of the audience as well as each other. The drummer power-puked. The music was called "stray", "layered" and "White trash, cowboy-assed, weirdo shit."

As Eric's Trip launched into their set, I walked into the Pump. The air was charged with a voluminous powerbuzz like the hum of a transformer station. This tension periodically warped itself into a squall of feedback and discordant guitar. Despite this intense undercurrent, the feel was very dreamlike. This atmosphere was enhanced by the stage lighting, just two yellow lightbulbs on the floor. Simple, but a nice change from the usual gaudy overhead multiple coloured lights. The whole deal was nice and off with bassist Julie Doinnon's wail-like voice, which matches well with Rick White's tremoring vocals.

I was reluctantly jolted out of this trance-like state by the energetic power-pop-punk presence of Portland's Pond. Guitarist-vocalist Charlie looked almost impossibly joyful as he bounced around the stage, reminding me of a Dr. Seuss character, while bassist/vocalist Guy Chris, energetically widdling his bass, nearly took off my nose.

Although I was personally more into Eric's Trips' trip, I was quite impressed with the passion, enthusiasm, and tuncful talents of Pond. And since this was the last show on the tour, we were treated to a bit of on stage anarchy, as they chuckled around their guitars and mangled the drum kit. Then again, maybe they just didn't want to do an encore.

Julie D.

Pure
Moist
The Town Pump
Saturday July 29th

It was a dull sort of excitement that filled me as I entered the Town Pump, unexplainably nervous. I sipped on a Long Island double. I was more than early and therefore nabbed a table on the raised seating area right next to the speaker (my ears regretted this choice for days). Pure's guitarist Todd Simko was hustling about and putting the finishing touches on the lights.

About two hours later Moist wandered confidently on the stage and I let out a low sigh, thinking that it would be yet another hour until things would start to get interesting. Singer David Usher's emotional state was entrancing, his vocals...magical. Moist is definitely a performance-oriented band, and they enraptured the young audience. As they neared their inevitable end I was left wondering, what could possibly top this?

By the time Pure strolled on

stage, the audience was boiling. Lead singer Jordy Birch's stage style has changed considerably over the past couple of months, before me now stood a more determined, aggressive performer. Yet, strangely, he failed to hold my attention, almost fading into the background. He remained, for the most part, focused on the back of the wall, ignoring the crowd behind him.

Two burly bouncers and a tech-guy were dragging people out of the audience and pushing them across the stage. Simko and bassist Dave Hadley (who, incidentally, sported the coolest pair of long-johns), seemed incredibly cramped, as they did their trademark tandem bouncing.

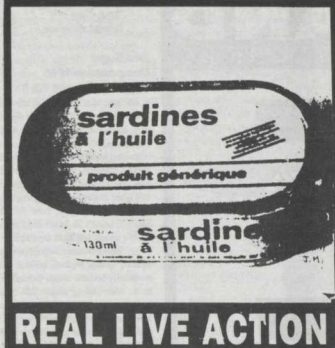
For the most part Pure gave the crowd a tightly knit, high-energy performance. The high point of the evening came at the very end with a cover version of Kiss' "Rock 'n' Roll All Night." Unfortunately they fucked it up, someone stayed playing and it all just ended abruptly. However, the audience couldn't care less as they were too fully engaged in the Pure experience.

Kelowna Vincent

Bad Brains
Didjits
Trigger Happy
Shades of Culture
The Town Pump
Sunday, August 1st

"Black men shouldn't play that kind of music," one Vancouver restaurant employee's response to a description of Bad Brains.

When I first heard this bone-



gender or culture; for example, Bad Brains plays an incredibly powerful mix of reggae and punk while their lyrics reflect their religious inspiration. That there aren't many other all-black bands playing this type of music does not mean that the band is trying to fit into a genre that is not their own...starts over, now on with the review.

The Town Pump got rocked August 1st harder than I've ever seen it get rocked before. Being the unreliable degenerate that I am, I missed the first two bands so you'll just have to let your imagination go. But those Didjits... Was it me or was the lead singer a tongue-flicking moron whose annoying stage antics nullified his

Vinyl, cassette, CD and written attempts to recreate the live energy that is Bad Brains have all failed. The new lead vocalist belted out old songs and soon-to-be-released tracks. He dispelled those nasty rumours that he is not as good as H.R. In fact, the crowd took instantly to worshipping him.

A good thrashy pit brewed up, but again, it'd be nice to see more women bouncing around and stage diving. (I'm not talking, I stood in the shadows in awe.) The cherry on top of this decadent Sunday evening was the story of the new lead vocalist taking pity on my ticketless friend and walking him in, saying as they passed a beefy doorman: "He's with me." Lovely man. Lovely show.

Kirsty

Didjits
Muffs

Sinister Six
The Off Ramp, Seattle
Tuesday, August 3rd

I love the Muffs. So they didn't play in Vancouver? But they did play in Seattle with the Didjits AND Sinister Six! Bullocks to all those chumps who had to pay a Bad Brains-Bad Dreadlocked-type ticket price to see the Didjits! Get this, I got to go to Seattle, "hang" see three rockin' bands, and it was all for free!

The Sinister Six played a slightly uninspired set of (dreadlocked?!?) garage mania, reminiscent of Girl Trouble and the Supersuckers, but with the charisma of neither.

The Muffs came on! Whoaaa, I'm a lucky guy! Two sassy, rockin' chicks and two semi-rockin' guys (what the hell happened to original Muffs' drummer Criss Cross, by the way?) who tore up the stage with all the amazing pop genre leader Kim Shattuck has penned so ruggedly into hits. Oooo... this band is good. Her raucous screams got a little bit on my nerves, but I guess I can live with that.

After a couple more margaritas and lager, I witnessed the Didjits one guy (Rick, lead singer, guitarist, song writer, brain) totally into it, and two bangers on bass and drums along for the ride. Or at least that was my perception of the sight before mine eyes. They rocked hard, you know, punk, but it was a Muffs



Random photo by Trish Kelly

headed remark I was really pissed off, and then it got me thinkin' I started thinkin' about popular conceptions of punk rock and "black music" and how Bad Brains subverts and confuses all these "popular" conceptions." Musicians shouldn't be relegated to a certain type of music strictly based on their

bands' potential? Besides having a wanker for a lead singer, the Didjits suffered as any mediocre-to-good band would from having to open for those Washington D.C. kings of in-your-face punk-reggae-rock Bad Brains who were mesmerizing.

This was just one of those shows you had to see to understand.

443 FOX PRESENTS

ANTHRAX

sound of white noise

LIVE

Saturday Sept 11

moved to:

86-st Music Hall

ALL AGES

special guests **QUICKSAND**

Tickets at all **TICKETMASTER** outlets or
 Charge by phone at 280-4444

Ci TR 101.9 FM PRESENTS
MCA RECORDING ARTISTS

sloan

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

Sunday Sept. 26

8 pm

NEW YORK THEATRE

ALL AGES

Tickets at **TICKETMASTER** outlets
 Track Records, or Charge by phone at 280-4444

PRODUCED BY PERRYSCOPE '93

GRACELAND

1250 RICHARDS STREET VANCOUVER B.C.

MONDAY

DA FLAVA

Rap Hip Hop Funk
Special Guest D.J.s

TUESDAY

NOISE BAR
LIVE BANDS EVERY WEEK

WEDNESDAY

REGGAE
D.J. GEORGE BARRET

THURSDAY

PSYCHE DELPHIA
MUSIC FROM 68-73

FRIDAY

U4EAH
D.J. DAVID HAWKES

SATURDAYS

NOAHS ARC
D.J. NOAH
A WHOLE NEW GRACELAND

night for me, and by this time I was steadily out-drunk.

What a girl!

Red Sugar
Compassion 1010
Saturday, August 7th

It was late, almost 3AM, at the after hours joint and Red Sugar (the third of three bands) still appeared on the stage. I was hanging by the door, kind of bored and depressed, too tired to make a decision, which was the only reason why I hadn't already gone home and gone to sleep. The ongoing conversation was about how ROCK MUSIC wasn't as much fun in the 1990's as just not fresh anymore.

Suddenly, there's a pocket onstage making weird birdcall sounds that eventually became words (something to do with mating rituals and male sexual energy, I believe). He's getting louder and more aggressive every second, and Red Sugar are filing on stage behind him, plugging their guitars in and making free-form noise, rising in intensity as the post climaxes and finally stumbling off the front of the stage into the spare front room crowd. Red Sugar meanwhile have taken this as their cue and kick into a BIG psychedelic wall of melodic noise that's riding a solid groove and just kept enough folkly twang to remind us what consistent we're in.

This goes on for a long, long time before the noise subsides a bit and there's room for a few vocals, big serious words about God and the human soul and other vital concerns. Needless to say, I'm well into it.

The song keeps dragging along, repetitive, loud and true, and suddenly I remember a friend last seen chilling out in another part of the party. I go looking for him. He doesn't want to leave his comfortable seat, but I eventually convince him that the Red Sugar experience is not to be missed; we head back to the main room where the first song is still happening, just in time for the last chorus and final climactic blow-out. The small crowd is appreciative. They make a lot of noise.

The second song is a cover: Roger Miller's "King of the Road" (ya, that one - the hobo anthem). Red Sugar do it raw, good-natured justice. I am very impressed and by this point energized enough to realize how tired I really am, so as they start their third song, I finally split the party. Rock may not be fresh anymore, but it certainly is not dead. It's not even sleeping. Red Sugar are very cool, maybe even godlike. I suspect I will see them again soon.

Mr. Mullan

Swervedriver
Rock City
Nottingham, England
Saturday, August 7

A drummer makes all the difference, and I'm not saying that just because I live with one. If anyone remembers

the face that was Swervedriver's premiere Vancouver performance (opens Poster Children stole the stage and the crowd's respect from under their upturned noses), they'll know that the band that stumbled its way through an incomprehensible set that night was an incomplete and uninspired melée of musicians and technicians (the sound engineer). Fortunately, tonight the band was in its homeland and therefore had

no visa or passport worries, and appeared as a whole.

Rock City is divided into three separate bars which could be considered entirely different artists performing at the same time. Swervedriver played host on the bottom floor and a packed crowd of, oh, let's say, 200-300 people. That figure is kind of disconcerting considering Heineken draught was flowing freely for I pound. Even more troubling was the fact that a larger portion of people showed up after the performance to dance to the likes of Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins, Sonic Youth and other North American "coolidge rock" sensations.

What did these people miss? They missed Swervedriver in top form. The majority of the band's material for the evening was from their forthcoming record (the "Duel" single is out as you read this), complemented by old faves like "Rave Down". Sadly, some of their best songs ("Son of Mustang Ford", "Pileup", "Never Lose That Feeling Again" and "Sandblasted") were never even hinted at. Although Swervedriver can be a powerful and original live act, it takes more than hints from their live performance to cue us into the genius that they can conjure in the studio.

Paul T. Brooks

Punkiest 93

The Forge

Portland, Aug 7th

Saturday August 7th

Wet for Portland all day, but the early morning, spitting black coffee, while rushing down the I-5. The Forge is in an abandoned, dilapidated industrial site of Portland. We stood in this makey, slow line-up as each person was frisked and scrutinized before being released into the concert shack. Just before I got too bored, we hear some yelling and the crowd of punkish kids that had previously been hanging out rushed the gates, demanding to be let in. The bouncers didn't take too kindly to this display, and a loud, somewhat violent ruckus ensued.

The punks claimed to be squatters from Hollywood who travelled to Portland in a porcelain white pickup with lifty markings. They also claimed to have no money for tickets. They had great dyed hair, tattoos, piercings, leather jackets, boots and beer in seeming abundance, so they felt that the gate should just admit them for free. Come on kids! What did you expect? That 24 bands would play for FREE?? (although, it would've been nice...)

After more pushing and yelling, we found ourselves (squatters included) inside the show and catching the last few songs of MDC. The show atmosphere was a spectacle: punks enjoying the continuous circular slam pit, complete with fearless stage diving. Some guys jumped from the speaker stack, but when the crowd shifted, he hit the concrete floor.

The bands we DID see included: Butt Trumpet (my favourite); Guttersmuth, a bunch of funny skater guys bursting into the audience (their hilariously evoked onstage and just walked off in the middle of a number); The White Trash Delinquents dragged guys onstage to dance in their underwear or less, culminating in one of the recruits taking a leak on the other guys and all over the

stage. The Dayglo Abortions got a huge response. DI and mainstage did. Channel 3 completed the show, which the cops shut down at midnight.

We missed the second day with DOA and others, but according to reliable sources that did make it there (they could make it anywhere! -ed.) informs us that the promoter's girlfriend tried to rip off all of the proceeds collected from ticket/beer sales. Apparently those big bouncers were all over her and later (under police supervision) destroyed the promoter's Cash as retaliation for the attempted ripoff that could have left both bouncers and bands unpaid. Whew!!

Guinness Gurl

NFA Yaletown Blockbuster
Rancid
BNU
Cub

Rotorclod
Strain
1000 - Block Hamilton St.
Sunday August 8

The folks at NFA rule in the books of many who buy big clothes and don't care if they ever grow into 'em. They just might rule in mine as well. Of the five assembled bands, I couldn't find one band that didn't qualify as great at what they do.

The afternoon outdoor concert/skate jam got off to a loud start with local hardcore boys Strain. Both the openness and reverberation (courtesy of the soundman and nearby buildings) complimented singer Jody Taylor's booming voice and provided that Strain's sound is well suited to such outdoor venues. The band waited and Jody's slowly overcoming his shyness with the crowd, as he actually managed to tell us the names of the songs for once.

Rancid, representing the "modern rock" genre, were pretty poppy but not overly so. They were almost as apologetic for their inability to skate as cub, the next band on the bill, were.

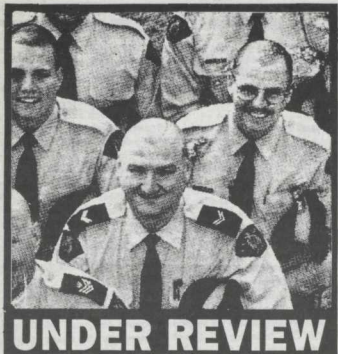
Cub's performance gave way to some obvious tension on stage and a noticeable increase in tempo, which seemed to confuse cub's drummer. I'm not sure if they wanted to finish their set quickly or if they felt that the music should match the speed of the skaters who continued to "jam" on the street below, but what we heard was speed coddle core. Nevertheless, cub was an appropriate rep for Vancouver girl bands (you decide if that's good or bad).

BNU, the best suburban punk band in town, followed with a set of catchy tunes that were very pleasing to the ear. The guitarist's facial expressions were almost as amusing as the gyrating singer who, in his great wisdom, convinced every meathead to put down his head (but not his beer!) and slam into other meatheads. BNU's singer had created a moshing monster and by the time Berkley's Rancid took the stage, stupidity had pretty well taken over.

Rancid's bassist made his fingers fly in lightning speed and left me contemplating exactly how many incarnations it will take me to reach that level of skill. These boys definitely have the punk rock thing down pat.

I went away from this show satisfied and thankful to the NFAs for a day which cost me nothing and gave me so much.

Trish Kelly



UNDER REVIEW

DUB SYNDICATE Live at the T & C (On-U Sound) BURNING SPEAR The World Should Know (Heatbeat)

Two of the best reggae bands have just provided listeners with new releases: a live album from a band that rarely performs live, and a studio disc by one that tours relentlessly. Give praise!

Recorded live at the Town and Country Club in London, Dub Syndicate prove that they are every bit as good on stage as they are in the studio. This 1991 incarnation of the On-U house band consists of Roots Ridda drummer Style Scott, percussionist Talvin Singh, Junior Moses on bass, Carl Gentles on keyboards and guitarists Kenford Bailey and Skip Macdonald, formerly of Tackhead.

Reggae crooner Bin Sherman lays down some soulful vocals. His is joined by the vocal trio Akabu and Lee Perry, who's voice is mixed into a version of Secret Laboratory Dub even though he wasn't at the gig. Credit must also be given to Adrian Sherwood who's mixing and dubbings help make *Live at the T & C* a most enjoyable recording.

On Burning Spear's latest, *The World Should Know*, Winston Rodney sings "music is what I have, music is what I give...the message is in the music, the music is in the message," and this pretty well sums up the Burning Spear creed.

Since 1969 Burning Spear has been spreading the word, refining the riddims and entertaining reggae fans from the stage. Check out the *Live in Paris* recording and/or video if you have yet to catch them in the flesh. While not all that much is different from the last couple of releases, *The World Should Know* is a fair offering from Winston and the Burning Band. It is a good place to start if you are unfamiliar with the band and their music.

Both Dub Syndicate and Burning Spear represent the best in today's roots reggae music. Put a little sunshine into your mind and move to the grooves contained within.

Norm van Rassel

MOIST Moist (Independent)

I was first introduced to the sounds of Moist in a backward manner. A member of the band handed me a cigarette accompanied by a MOIST sticker. A congenial guy, he couldn't resist the opportunity to self-promote. I listened half-

Yes, Moist is heavily influenced by Pearl Jam, The Red Hot Chili Peppers and several other bands that are just dangle on the edge of my tongue. Memories flow freely when the guitar, or keyboards hit a series of familiar notes but this is all part of the music's enchantment.

Lead singer David Usher's voice is the strong point here, full of such energy and honest, driving emotion that just pulls you right in and wraps you up. In particular, the keyboards make the most difference on this tape, adding the necessary spice in the otherwise guitar-oriented music. Favorite tracks of mine include the harsh and sensual "Push," the emotional "Believe Me," "Kid Conductor" and "Picture Elvis."

It's unfortunate that Moist is not released on CD, for then it would be far less time consuming to repeat a song over and over and over again.

Kelowna Vincent

SUPERCONDUCTOR Hit Songs For Girls (11 Exitos Para Las Chicas Listas) (Boner)

It's a common case, although eccentric practice, for an artist to be admired by fans and critics when said artist decides to leave their predicted work and broaden their bounds. The unfortunate and familiar consequence is that the artist leaves fans unhappy, critics basking in their own malicious rhetoric and, eventually, sees themselves compromising their talents strictly for the good of the people (read mucho dinero). OR the artist desists from being a reservoir of creativity.

The latter being an exceptional case, however, as most soldier on with their loyal fan base and continue on in high spirits, now a shallow mockery of themselves (pick any band from the 70's or, Heaven forbid, the 60's which are still around—the Rolling Stones will do). The artist displays a misinterpreted sense of achievement and an uncanny will (pick any band from the 70's or 60's which is still around—the Rolling Stones will suffice again).

Take, for instance, Van Halen.

Now Van Halen is an interesting example for a couple reasons: Van Halen chose to step outside their musical confines not once, but twice (as stated above, most learn the first time).

Their first backward advance came with the release of the *Diver Down* album: seemingly superscribed by the band's lead vocalist, David Lee

Roth (we'll get to him later), *Diver Down* misrepresented Van Halen as a group when, in fact, the album was actually born of Roth's wet dreams. Featuring very original tunes, and even more Jazz/Motown/Country covers like "Big Bad Bill" (Sweet William Noxy) (with Edward and Alex's dad guesting on clarinet), "Dancing in the Streets" and "Happy Trails," Van Halen left a lot of fans scratching their heads—but happy that there was still Judas Priest's *British Steel* to listen to.

But if perseverance is wisdom, then Van Halen is omniscient: the 1984 LP was released and, yes, it had keyboards. This time the final product was a bastard child of the band's two heavy-weight egos: David Lee Roth and Edward Van Halen.

Edward had come into his own as a guitar deity, but he was looking to expand on his virtuosity (finding that expansion in keyboards, his first attempt spawned a number one hit "Jump") and David...well, David was just David (we'll get to him later). Misconstruing that number one hit as a green light for further keyboard compositions, enter *5150*, enter David Lee Roth, and enter Sammy Hagar.

Now this brings us to an even more interesting offshoot in the compromise/desist creativity theory. Whereas most bands would have interpreted the waning success of *Diver Down* and *1984*, in comparison to the high watermark standards of their first three LPs as signalling an imminent break-up album, Van Halen chose to shuffle their line-up.

The flamboyant and audacious David Lee Roth was served the pink slip to further pursue his meanderings in Beach Boys' covers, Hair Club for Men recruitment and larger-than-life libido exorcisms, while Sammy "I Can't Drive 55" Hagar took up the vocal chores for Van Halen and their staunch (but dwindling) fans.

The music world was now subject to not only one, but two conclusions that were wrong with the initial equation—nobody ever liked Sammy, and they soon learned to hate David.

But what does all this have to do with Superconductor's *Hit Songs For Girls* you ask? Absolutely nothing, except for the fact that Superconductor has probably made the best pop album of the year, including a great Poppy Family-cum-Smashing Pumpkins-cum-

Jimmy Webb bridge on "E-Z Bake Oven." But you didn't need me to tell you that.

Paul I. Brooks

NOMEANSNO Why Do They Call Me Mr. Happy? (Alternative Tentacles)

Nomeansno fanatics will undoubtedly find *Why Do They Call Me Mr. Happy?* as satisfying as any of their efforts, but for me Nomeansno peaked on *Wrong*



and have not attained that level of energy since then.

Like any Nomeansno album, there are moments on *Mr. Happy* which demonstrates the band's ability to provide incredibly tight energetic bursts. But these moments are buried by overindulgent "musicianhip" which is found on the rest of the record.

Tom Milne

MATTHEW SWEET Altered Beast (Zoo)

Despite what the record company's ad for this album would have you believe, *Altered Beast* is more than a "dinosaur act" collection of the talents of an "all-star cast" of guitar pop's past masters. No indeed, it is much more.

First and foremost, *Altered*



Beast is a collection of truly fine pop songs. Period. Sure, the great guest musicians don't hurt—check out Robert Quine's wailing, tear-jerking guitar solo in "Devil with the Green Eyes"—but they're essentially just icing on the cake.

And what a cake it is: ingenious and deceptively simple pop hooks that reach out and

grab you and won't let you go; angry, power chords and scorching death blues bravado; sweet, subtle melodies that all but drive you to tears; arrangements that are layered without being busy; and lyrics that bring with emotional intensity.

Matthew Sweet achieves sentiment without syrup, angst without whininess, anger without machismo, and melancholy without misery. Hell, it's so good that I quit a freebee and then bought it anyway!

The god of pop lives, BELIEVE!!!

John Ounpuu

PENNYWISE Unknown Road (Epitaph)

Clear chords, thick energy, powerful vocals, this second offering from Pennywise (from Hermosa Beach, CA—the same town as punk legends Black Flag and the Descendents) keeps the sound sharp, quick and loud.

Throughout *Unknown Road*, Pennywise urges to "start giving your best" and remind us that "it's your life." Don't get me wrong, their heart is in the right place, but after fourteen tracks this urging becomes, well how you say...nagging. Good message, and lots of it.

Individually, tracks like "Homesick," "Clear Your Mind" and "Dying to Know" reveal what Pennywise is all about: fresh, driving rock.

It's worth noting that these up and coming no-school punk rockers have already had their music featured in various surf/skateboard videos (not to mention an ad in the latest *Transworld*!).

Pennywise are off to a good start. However, it remains to be seen if their tight, squeaky-clean sound comes off in a live performance. Stay tuned.

Skyler

TRANCE MISSION Trance Mission (City of Tribes)

"Australian new-wavers from San Francisco." I have no idea if the four members of this group are from Oz, but it sure sounds as though someone was foolish enough to lug a couple of Korgs to Ayr's Rock. Trance Mission play a lot of traditional instrumentation, such as a didgeridoo—that thing that makes that spring-like sound. They even use instruments I've never heard of such as riqqiqq-gubbi, kaytals, p'ri, khar, kalimbas, and a bodhran. Sounds like they come from the Klingon dictionary, don't they? Now, is it good? That's beyond me.

Maybe if I lived in the outback and took inductive trips to the dreamland and played W.C. Bull Rooster I'd understand

it. Right now, though, its comparable to stuff you might find on the Extreme label. That's as close as I'm gonna get. Trip

FUGAZI In on the kill taker (Dichord)

The name Fugazi is synonymous to uncompromising hardcore punk rock. After all these years, and numerous indie-label albums, *In on the kill taker* continues to thrill me. It's no surprise that Fugazi's influence is prevalent in newer bands such as Quicksand and Paw.

After listening to the 12 heavy and intense songs on this album, I felt a bit psychologically disturbed, which is an indication of a well made album.

All the elements that make up Fugazi are present: loud and sick-sounding guitars, angry vocals, and a tight rhythm section. Together they sound like melodious cacophony.

I strongly recommend this album.

Vince

U.R.G.E. OVERKILL Saturation (Geffen)

In a vastly improved world, U.R.G.E. Overkill would be bigger than both R.E.M. and U2. The carefree, coffee-and-pie-vibes exuded by this Chicago trio would be the teen spirit of the

day. No need for any band's harsh social and political tirades, no calls to save the rain forests—only cool riffs and more martinis: if only.

Alas, *Saturation* is probably not destined to sell several million copies, but it is U.R.G.E.'s best record to date. Unlike the loungey and uneven *Suall P.*, *Saturation* relies more on the band's considerable pop prowess.

Add an obvious, yet flawless, taste in seventies rock (bizarre vintage KISS, Cheap Trick, Bowie and more), and some punk chops, and the result is an album that rocks loud 'n' proud.

Here's to hopin' the boys can afford premium vodka in those martinis from now on.

Sean Harvey

THE DOUGHOYS Crush (A&M)

Stealing melodies from songs heard on mid-eighties LG 73 isn't usually a good way to begin an album. The Doughboys do this on *Crush*, but that's not to say they're a top 40 band. With their generally rock-radio tunes, these guys could make it big in Canada more than one or two singles.

Unfortunately, the album features many songs that are relatively indistinguishable from

one another (yes, even after only one listening). It's listenable, but I can't say that it's worth buying except maybe for the cover art work, which could easily entice unsuspecting shoppers.

Sometimes sounding like Drivin' And Cryin' or Soul Asylum (whose current album I would give the same criticisms), the Doughboys could stand some

14 SONGS PAUL WESTERBERG



knocking. This aside, the songs "End of the Hall" and "Shine" are kinda catchy, but after hearing a few of the songs, the rest of the songs sound identical.

It may very well be that this is the kind of CD that grows on you after about 5 or more playings, but for now I'll have to keep it in the back of my mind and hopefully go back to *Crush* at some later date.

Brian Wieser

DAVID SYLVAIN and THE FRIPP The First Day (Virgin)

Imagine yourself lying in a boat, drifting down a river on a summer's day. They say it's blue, there's a gentle breeze, and *The First Day* would be quietly playing as accompaniment.

I've puttered around cleaning my apartment to this, as well as having a nice dose on the couch. If you're familiar with either Japan or David Sylvain's solo work, you know not to expect anything jarring; Sylvain warbles in his unmistakable voice in a most relaxing fashion.

Robert Fripp, a guitarist that has worked with Brian Eno, doesn't intrude into the mix, even though he does so some wanking. "20th Century Dreaming" (a shaman song) and "Darsan" (the road to granceland) take up one entire side; the songs could certainly use some trimming, however, the album is lush aural experience.

June Scudeler

FUNLARD Sweetness (Arista)

Funland is pop music with heavy guitars and drippy melodies that would normally strike one as

extremely cheesy (especially considering the Air Supply cover) but *Sweetness* is, instead, profoundly satisfying.

From start to finish, Funland provide one of the most solid pop-rock efforts that I have heard in years.

Tom Milne

Paul Westerberg 14 Songs (Sire)

Well, here's the Paul album... all we have to do is wait a couple of weeks for the Slim Dunlap CD to come out and all of us Replacements freaks will be able to rate each of the band members' solo efforts against one another.

So far, Chris Mars rocks, Tommy Stinson's Bash & Pop is well, whatever, now it's Paul's turn at the plate. Technically, most would call this his second solo CD, counting *All Shook Down*.

Always considered a more literate songwriter than the old songs, Westerberg would let on, Paul plays it to the hilt on *14 Songs*. These songs, while pretty good (better than I could write), are just a little too self-indulgent for my liking, as is both the fake Westberg novel on the cover and the numerous photos of himself inside.

Not to say *14 Songs* is crap, though; I mean, it's no Sting album or anything. "Knockin' on Mine," "First Glimmer" and other songs do demonstrate that

Westerberg can write enjoyable songs — "Black Eyed Susan," the best track, was done in his kitchen. Lofi and Paul's vocals are terrific. However, there is no evidence of the fun and rawness that the Replacements once had.

This album provides support for the theory that Capt. Kirk, Spock and McCoy were three facets of a single being; it's obvious that if the best parts of Mars', Stinson's and Westerberg's (and possibly Dunlap's?) albums were combined, we would have one hell of a record.

Moto

SIX FINGER SATELLITE The Pigeon is the Most Popular Bird (Sub Pop)

Six Finger Satellite's new release sounds new, and I don't quite know how that is or how to describe it.

From the catchy neo-disco noise of Laughing Larry, to the odd soundscapes between each of the songs, Jeremiah Ryan's often distorted, always aggressive vocals caught my attention as one of the Satellite's strongest points. Also, I felt that ten actual songs of the 21 tracks were well suited by having eleven surrounding tracks of noise to make for a fairly strong CD. Most of it sounds like music on an elevator to hell - but I mean that in a good way.

Brian Wieser



Hey there, li'l campers! You know, there is a difference between listening to these goofy little platens I mention and devoting an entire night of your life to dancing to them. I saw an enormous line of people outside of the Commodore on "Disco Nite" the other night and just shook my head in pity. It seems there is an ever-growing number of people who lack a life in this 'burg.

Now, fine, if you get a charge out of putting on one of the rare grooves like "Get the Funk Outa My Face" (Bros. Johnson) or "Biology Fever" (Sylvester) for a gag (I know I do), but to make your party as for a whole evening of some of the most heinous tunage is record-

ed history just to either get pissed cheaply or make a pathetic attempt to get laid, puts you amongst the culturally challenged — like the people who watch *Studio 54* or who are members of the Reform Party.

Sorry to be it to you, but I don't want you to get the idea that I, Mofo, would condone that sort of life-style (the music, not the drinking and getting laid parts) just because I inform you of the few good (or the craziest) disco plates there are! As I've said so many, I can't believe that there are so many jokers out there listening to music their parents liked.

You've probably heard about the developing crusade against used CD shops in the U.S. Now, I'm all for

forcing shop owners to pay royalties to a group that can get the moolah to the performers, but hearing Garth Brooks (who's sold more records than Canada has living humans) pour 'n' white about losing money somehow doesn't get my sympathy.

Anyway, on to the auditory poison I call the Psychosonic Pix-pack!! I've added a genre description as well to help you peg the record's style. Lemme know what you think. This past month I got a lotta seven inches this time from the fine shops on Hastings St., like:

SONNY
"Laugh At Me"/
"Tony"
(Ato) Wow! A very bitter
Gonnys starts off by dedicating the song to his critics and to Cher, singing the equivalent of "I'm rubber and you're glue, etc." The musicists told Neil Diamond "I Am, I Said," type, big drum stuff. The record was so overplayed it had this very eerie distortion quality to it. Quite unsettling stuff.

GENRE: *Celebrity schmalz*.
CHEEZABILITY RATING: 89

AL GILBERT
"Grade 7 Honky Tonk Tap"/
"Grade 3 Song & Tap"
(Training Aid)

Tap trauma courtesy Al at 45. You have no idea how awful these 45's truly are until you hear 'em. Al

gives instruction overtop a piano that's extremely out of tune, and the taper is completely off time. If all tap records are like this, no wonder it's a dead art.

GENRE: *Educational Jollies*.
CHEEZABILITY RATING: 86

SANDPIPERS (featuring the
Mitch Miller Orchestra)
Farmyard Friends
(Golden)



This seven inch comes with a cool oversized sleeve that some indie bands should steal for their releases. It's actually a compilation of 45's of three recently released singles: "Little Pig Polka," "Little White Duck," and "The Animals of Farmer Jones." And you thought only indie labels did this! Groovy story/songs about barnyard fun.

GENRE: *Children's tales*.
CHEEZABILITY RATING: 90

MITCHELL AYERS "Number 7 Theme" (No. 7)

I found two copies of this seven inch at the same store! One for the songs in attraction is that Bill Borer's company put it on their '50 Cent Record Hour' compilation! Other letters I've gotten from the lower mainland mentioned it, too. It's as if it was only distributed around Vancouver. Could this have been an experiment in subliminal suggestion? I dunno, but after listening to this, I sure could use a smoke.

GENRE: *Promotional*.
CHEEZABILITY RATING: 80

BANJO BARONS
Happy Days Are Here Again!
(Vocalia) I'm a sucker for a good banjo orchestra! There are about a dozen of 'em here doing all the usual banjo stuff with a ragtime lean. What more can I say?



GENRE: Instrumental Overkill CHEEZABILITY RATING: 77

THE PICK OF THE MONTH THE GOLDEN HERS Takin' About Love (Master)

This LP comes from Master, the folks that brought you the Tex Yearout—the record I mentioned earlier this year. Yup, more Jesus stuff. The Golden Hers come from Chivvies, and are about the squinty cats you've ever seen! This album is full of all the uncomfortable sexual allusions all these fervent Christian discs seem to have, as well as the shifting of responsibility from oneself to God for one's actions. It's also kinda weird to hear a poppy tiny sing about "flesh hanging off Job" in a peppy way. Best 75 cents I spent this month!!!

GENRE: *12 Inches of Jesus*.
CHEEZABILITY: 95

So, there you have it. Thanks for coming out. By the way, keep sending me those tapes 'n' stuff! I'm hoping to do a Sampler of reader's pix by December (knock wood). Until then, you'll have to be satisfied with one of my first two Samplers. Just drop me a line (and \$5/tape), a stamp or two and your address.

Hey Mofo!
2054 E. Broadway
Vancouver, BC, V5N 1W7

AT ZULU, TRACK, AND BOOM CD'S OR BY MAIL FROM INTERNATIONAL

FREE SNOT OF JESUS

BOOGERS OF OUR LORD & MESSIAH

SCIENTIFIC FACT!

**JESUS
"CHRIST"**

SCIENCE PROVEN!

SEND FIVE DOLLAR LOVE GIFT TO
INTERNATIONAL SECULAR ATAVISM

IN CANADA: P.O. BOX 1776 STN. "A" VANCOUVER, B.C. V6C 2P7
IN U.S.A.: P.O. BOX 69243, PORTLAND, OREGON, 97201



SCIENTIFIC FACT! SCIEN-TERRIFIC FACT!! SCIENCE PROVEN!

FOR FREE STICKERS OF THIS AD SEND A S.A.S.E.

SECULAR ATAVISM...EVOLUTION IS TRUE!

T-SHIRTS OF THIS AD CAN BE PURCHASED



Home of the Vegan Pizzas!

1152 Denman 689-1112 • 3144 West Broadway 731-9636

THEY
DANCE.

AND TOUCH.

AND PURR.



FOR COOL CATS EVERYWHERE

CITR MOBILE SOUND • 822-3017

AND YOUR NEXT DANCE, PARTY...WHATEVER!

HELP!



VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

Are you an outgoing, spontaneous man or woman over the age of 19 with a never-say-die attitude and a good sense of humour?

We are a non-profit society that helps young offenders and children aged 8 to 12 who are at risk of getting into trouble.

If you have about three hours per week available for at least the next six months we'd really like to hear from you. We believe that one-to-one interaction with a well-adjusted adult can improve the behaviour of a troubled child.

Interested? Please call us today.

PLEA
Pacific Legal
Education Association
4865 East Hastings Street,
Burnaby, B.C. V5C 2K3

**PHONE
291-0049**

HELP US SPREAD IT AROUND...



...if you'd like to have Discorder
dropped off at your place of business,
call Linda at (604) 822-3017.

SHINDIG

CiTR

ONCE AGAIN HOSTS THE ULTIMATE
BAND COMPETITION!

AT THE **RAILWAY CLUB** STARTING **SEPTEMBER 14TH**,
ITS THIRTEEN **TUESDAYS** OF THE **THRILLS** OF MUSICAL
COMPETITION, THE **CHILLS** OF FABULOUS PRIZES, AND THE
SWILLS OF JOKES-FOR-BEER

SEPT. 14

STRAIN
SPIRITUAL HEROINE
RIPPLE

SEPT. 21

ASHES
HUGO
WRETCHED ETHYL

SEPT. 28

YOU COULD
BE HERE!!!

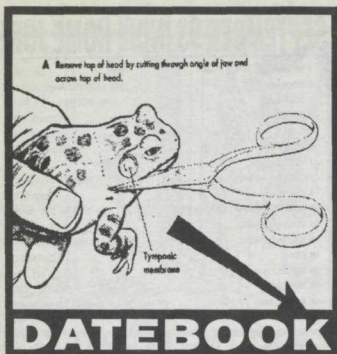
WE'RE STILL ACCEPTING TAPES. IF YOU WANT TO BE A PART OF
THE CRAZY **SHINDIG '93** FAMILY, GET YOUR TAPE IN NOW!

RENEGADE STUDIOS GROUP



downtown
sound
studios





- 1 WED** CTR Hot Wednesdays at the Pili Pub... The Pursuit of Happiness at PNE Exhibition Bowl... Zolly Cracker at the Railway... Voiced with Damm the Machine at the Town Pump... Original Sinners at the Yale... George Barrett at Graceland... Ron Johnston Trio at Alma Street Cafe... The American Friend (7pm) and Wings of Desire (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Lumiere & Melies (7:30pm) and First Films (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 2 THU** CTR presents Lucinda Williams with Herald Nix at the Town Pump... Colour Wheel at the Railway... Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pili Pub featuring Acoustically Inclined and Happy Man... Andre Thibault & Adel Award at Cathedral Place... Psychodelpha at Graceland... The Wallin' Walker Blues Band at the Yale... Ron Johnston at Alma Street Cafe... The Fall at the Backstage (Seattle)... Thomas Anfield & Melo Edjindjikan's exhibition Different Roots opens at Soul Art Gallery (until the 26th)... The American Friend (7pm) and Wings of Desire (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Bad Thing (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 3 FRI** CTR presents Friends of Claycoy Sound benefit featuring DOA with Mystery Machine and Gerry Hannah Band at the Commodore Ballroom... Vancouver Rape Relief Benefit featuring Rumpelstiltskin, Rootabeggers, Droptails, Dempsey Stone at Station Street Arts Centre... The Blue Shadows at the Railway... The Wallin' Walker Blues Band at the Yale... David Hawkes at Graceland... Bumbershoot at Seattle Centre (Seattle)... Three of Hearts (7:30pm) and Silver (9:35pm) at the Ridge... The Mystery of Picasso (7:30pm) and Le Fantastique (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 4 SAT** CTR presents Soul by the Sea: gospel music from 50-voice Washington choir at the Kitsilano Showboat (5pm)... Vancouver Rape Relief Benefit featuring Thistle, Elvis Love Child, DJ Liebowitz, Sue Bunk at Station Street Arts Centre... The Blue Shadows at the Railway... DJ Noah at Graceland... Neil Young with Booker T & the MGs, Pearl Jam and Blind Melon at BC Place... The Wallin' Walker Blues Band at the Yale... Dwight Yoakam with Carlene Carter at Pacific Coliseum... Trooper at the Commodore Ballroom... Bumbershoot at Seattle Centre (Seattle)... Three of Hearts (7:30pm) and Silver (9:35pm) at the Ridge... The Mystery of Picasso (7:30pm) and Rave Cocteau (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Anvil Press 3-Day Novel Contest at SFU Harbour Centre...
- 5 SUN** Bumbershoot at Seattle Centre (Seattle)... Three of Hearts (7:30pm) and Silver (9:35pm) at the Ridge... Paris I (7:30pm) and Paris II (9:10pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Anvil Press 3-Day Novel Contest at SFU Harbour Centre...
- 6 MON** Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... April Wine with Harem Scarem at the Vogue... Da Flava at Graceland... El Mariachi (7:30pm) and Bad Lieutenant (9:15pm) at the Ridge... Paris I (7:30pm) and Paris II (9:10pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... The Art of Dempsey Bob, Myth Maker and Transformer exhibition and Robert Bateman's exhibition Natural Visions closes at UBC Museum of Anthropology... Anvil Press 3-Day Novel Contest at SFU Harbour Centre...
- 7 TUE** Roots Roundup on UBC SUB Plaza (noon)... Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore Ballroom... Acoustically Inclined at the Railway... Noise Bar at Graceland... Ellen McIlwaine at the Yale... El Mariachi (7:30pm) and Bad Lieutenant (9:15pm) at the Ridge...
- 8 WED** CTR Hot Wednesdays at the Pili Pub... CTR presents Lonesome Canadians, Sick Pick Yeah, Sister Lovers at the Town Pump... Acoustically Inclined at the Railway... Otherpats at the Glass Slipper... Zolly Cracker on UBC SUB Plaza (noon)... UB40 with Ben Blossoms at the Orpheum... Ellen McIlwaine at the Yale... George Barrett at Graceland... Volere Volare (7:30pm) and Johnny Stecchino (9:25pm) at the Ridge... First Films

- (7:30pm) and Farrelique (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 9 THU** Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pili Pub featuring Rumpelstiltskin... Sub on UBC SUB Plaza (noon)... Bob's Your Uncle at the Railway... Ellen McIlwaine at the Yale... Ron Samworth Trio at Cathedral Place... The Cranberries with Counting Crows at the Town Pump... Psychodelpha at Graceland... The Amazing El Grande de Coca-Cola at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Fringe Festival '93... Volere Volare (7:30pm) and Johnny Stecchino (9:25pm) at the Ridge... Perestroika (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 10 FRI** 10th Annual AMS Welcome Back BBQ at MacInnes Field featuring Acoustically Inclined, John Bullington, The Gums... Talkboy with Apartment 3-6 and Fiddiehead at Station Street Arts Centre... Hairs at the Town Pump... Bob's Your Uncle at the Railway... Ellen McIlwaine at the Yale... Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers at the Commodore Ballroom... David Hawkes at Graceland... Moody Blues with Vancouver Symphony Orchestra at Deer Lake Park... The Amazing El Grande de Coca-Cola at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Fringe Festival '93... Chinese Film Festival: Heartstrings (7:30pm) and Spring Festival (9:30pm) at the Ridge... 3 By Resnais (7:30pm) and 3 By Franju (9:05pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 11 SAT** The Loved One with Tickle Trunk at Station Street Arts Centre... Bolivia Schools Project Benefit featuring Kin Lalal at the WISE Club... Bob's Your Uncle at the Railway... Ellen McIlwaine at the Yale... Anthrax with White Zombie and Quicksand at PNE Aquastage... Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers at the Commodore Ballroom... DJ Noah at Graceland... The Amazing El Grande de Coca-Cola at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Fringe Festival '93... Chinese Film Festival: Bell of Purity Temple (7:30pm) and Heartstrings (9:30pm) at the Ridge... 3 By Resnais (7:30pm) and 3 By Franju (9:05pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 12 SUN** CTR presents Perfume Tree at Graceland... Cameron Wilson, Reg Quiring and Janet Steinberg at UBC Recital Hall... Babatundé Glatunji and the Drums of Passion at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Odds at the Backstage Lounge (Arts Club)... Fringe Festival '93... Chinese Film Festival: Spring Festival (7:30pm) and No Regrets about Youth (9:30pm) at the Ridge... War / La Guerre (7:30pm) and Far from Vietnam (9:25pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Vancouver Record Collectors Association's Record/CD Swap Meet at Kitsilano Community Centre... The Life and Works of Charles Rennie Mackintosh lecture by M. Joan Martin, Dip. Dec. Arts at UBC Museum of Anthropology...
- 13 MON** Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Da Flava at Graceland... Random Acts & Christine Taylor at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Fringe Festival '93... Chinese Film Festival: Those Left Behind (7:30pm) and Bell of Purity Temple (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Poetry in Motion (7:30pm) and Far from Vietnam (9:25pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 14 TUE** CTR Shindig '93 opens at the Railway featuring Spin, Spiritual Heroine and Zero Lama... The Margo Tuto Band at the Yale... Noise Bar at Graceland... Random Acts & Christine Taylor at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore Ballroom... Fringe Festival '93... Chinese Film Festival: No Regrets about Youth (7:30pm) and Those Left Behind (9:30pm) at the Ridge...
- 15 WED** CTR Hot Wednesdays at the Pili Pub... Wyckham Porteus at the Railway... George Barrett at Graceland... The Margo Tuto Band at the Yale... Strange Angels at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Fringe Festival '93... Chinese Film Festival: Bell of Purity Temple (7:30pm) and No Regrets about Youth (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Allonsanfan (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 16 THU** Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pili Pub featuring Moist and Colour Wheel... Wyckham Porteus at the Railway... The Margo Tuto Band at the Yale... Death in Bedlam at Graceland... Clay and Cloth: Celebrations of Life and Psyche in Bedlam featuring Randy Raine-Reusch at UBC Museum of Anthropology... The Amazing El Grande de Coca-Cola at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Fringe Festival '93... Chinese Film Festival: Spring Festival (7:30pm) and Heartstrings (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Spellbound (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 17 FRI** Babkas at the Glass Slipper... Linda McRae & Friends at the Railway... Gnu Democratic Rhino Reform Party election benefit at Station Street Arts Centre... The Margo Tuto Band at the Yale... David Hawkes at Graceland... The Amazing El Grande de Coca-Cola at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Johnny Winter with Wallin' Walker Blues at the Commodore Ballroom... Fringe Festival '93... The Last Days of Chez Nous (7:30pm) and My Brilliant Career (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Me and My Brother (7:30pm) and Pull My Daisy (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 18 SAT** CTR presents Juliana Hatfield Three with Madder Rose at the Town Pump... Linda McRae & Friends at the Railway... Van Manakas Trio at the Glass Slipper... Gnu Democratic Rhino Reform Party election benefit at Station Street Arts Centre... The Margo Tuto Band at the Yale... DJ Noah at Graceland... The Amazing El Grande de Coca-Cola at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Fringe Festival '93... The Last Days of Chez Nous (7:30pm) and My Brilliant Career (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Keep Busy and other shorts (7:30pm) and Hunter & Last Supper (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 19 SUN** Planned Parenthood Benefit featuring Joelle Rabu at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Barney Bental & the Legendary Hearts at the Backstage Lounge (Arts Club)... Fringe Festival '93... The Last Days of

- Chez Nous (7:30pm) and My Brilliant Career (9:30pm) at the Ridge... People of France (7:30pm) and But What Do These Women Want? (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Forbidden Fruit exhibition at UBC Museum of Anthropology... 13th Annual Terry Fox Run...
- 20 MON** Reading Railroad at the Railway... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Da Flava at Graceland... Beyond the Fringe at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Withnail & I (7:30pm) and Peter's Friends (9:30pm) at the Ridge... People of France (7:30pm) and The Yellow Crews (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 21 TUE** CTR Shindig '93 at the Railway featuring Ashes, Hugo and Wretched Ethel... Eddie Kirkland at the Yale... Noise Bar at Graceland... Beyond the Fringe at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore Ballroom... Withnail & I (7:30pm) and Peter's Friends (9:30pm) at the Ridge...
- 22 WED** CTR Hot Wednesdays at the Pili Pub... Pig Farm at the Railway... Eddie Kirkland at the Yale... George Barrett at Graceland... Beyond the Fringe at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Susan Liebig exhibition opens at Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until Oct. 19)... Utz (7:30pm) and Close to Eden (9:30pm) at the Ridge... 1869 (17:15 & 9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 23 THU** Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pili Pub featuring Pig Farm and Dear God... Terror of Tiny Town at the Railway... Eddie Kirkland at the Yale... Psychodelpha at Graceland... Urbana at UBC Museum of Anthropology... Beyond the Fringe at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Utz (7:30pm) and Close to Eden (9:30pm) at the Ridge... Women Do This Everyday (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 24 FRI** Supercollider with Thorsen at Station Street Arts Centre... Eugene Ripper at the Railway... Garret Rogers at the WISE Hall... Eddie Kirkland at the Yale... Pimley solo piano at the Glass Slipper... David Hawkes at Graceland... Rose Chronicles at Zulu Records (4pm)... Beyond the Fringe at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sleepless in Seattle (7:30pm) and When Harry Met Sally (9:35pm) at the Ridge... Sans Soleil (7:30pm) and Les Années Decol (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Vancouver Rape Relief & Women's Shelter's annual Take Back the Night march (7:30pm, Vancouver Art Gallery)...
- 25 SAT** SANU with Atomic E-1 at Station Street Arts Centre... Eugene Ripper at the Railway... Cook Cooke Quintet at the Glass Slipper... Eddie Kirkland at the Yale... Garret Rogers at the WISE Hall... DJ Noah at Graceland... Tab Benoit at the Backstage (Seattle)... Beyond the Fringe at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Sleepless in Seattle (7:30pm) and When Harry Met Sally (9:35pm) at the Ridge... Sans Soleil (7:30pm) and Innovations and Image (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 26 SUN** CTR presents Neurosis with 7 Year Bitch, Hitting Bird and God & Texas at the Commodore Ballroom... CTR presents Sleaz at the New York Theatre... Oltmar Liebert & Luna Negra at the Vogue... Joe Lovano Quartet at Arts Club Revue Theatre... Thomas Anfield & Melo Edjindjikan's exhibition Different Roots closes at Soul Art Gallery... Sleepless in Seattle (7:30pm) and When Harry Met Sally (9:35pm) at the Ridge... The Grin Without a Cat (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Brown Stonewares of the Yixing Kilns - The Carol Potter Peckham Collection exhibition closes at UBC Museum of Anthropology... 7th Annual Walk/Run for AIDS at Cooper Park...
- 27 MON** Lonesome Canadians at the Railway... Tanahill Weavers at the WISE Hall... Ouse Anderson at the Yale... Da Flava at Graceland... Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography (7:30pm) and Blade Runner: The Director's Cut (9:20pm) at the Ridge... Innovations and Image (7:30pm) and Les Années Decol (9pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 28 TUE** CTR Shindig '93 at the Railway... Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore Ballroom... Matthew Sweet at the Town Pump... Ouse Anderson at the Yale... Noise Bar at Graceland... Ballet British Columbia Gala at the Orpheum... Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography (7:30pm) and Blade Runner: The Director's Cut (9:20pm) at the Ridge...
- 29 WED** CTR Hot Wednesdays at the Pili Pub... Supersuckers at the Town Pump... Ouse Anderson at the Yale... George Barrett at Graceland... The Seventh Seal (7:30pm) and Smiles of a Summer Night (9:30pm) at the Ridge... The Leopard (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 30 THU** Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pili Pub featuring Sweet Jones and Twilight Rituals... Tex Files & the True Moral Fibres of the South at the Railway... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... Heather Birch at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Psychodelpha at Graceland... The Seventh Seal (7:30pm) and Smiles of a Summer Night (9:30pm) at the Ridge... A Fine Madness (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...
- 31 FRI** Victim's Family with Porch at Station Street Arts Centre... Michelle Shocked at the Commodore Ballroom... Jim Byrnes at the Yale... Workshop de Lyon at Vancouver East Cultural Centre... David Hawkes at Graceland...
- 32 SAT** The Cocktails with Pich Blend at Station Street Arts Centre... cub with The Mommyheads, Kid Champion and Marks at the Arts Club... Jimmy Chiff at the Commodore Ballroom... Beyond the Generation Loss: Video's Earliest Years curated by Michael Goldberg at Video Inc...
- 33 TUE** CTR Shindig '93 at the Railway... Cruel '70s Disco at the Commodore Ballroom...
- 34 WED** CTR Hot Wednesdays at the Pili Pub...
- 35 THU** Sub-Sonic Thursdays at the Pili Pub...
- 36 FRI** Seam with Bullet Proof Nothing at Station Street Arts Centre...



CHARTS

SEPTEMBER 93 LONG VINYL 50

1 VARIOUS ARTISTS	WAKE-FREE VANCOUVER	CLUB GROTESQUE
2 RIM	WARRIOR SNAKE SENSATION	POP LAMA
3 THE SMUGGLERS	IN THE HALL OF FAME	ELEKTRA
4 BUCK	DEBIT	C/Z
5 HUEVO RANCHEROS	ENDSVILLE	WARP
6 POLYGON WINDOW	SURFING ON THE SINE WAVES	CITY OF 1088S
7 TRANCE MISSION	TRANCE MISSION	EMPTY
8 CHICKENBUSH	TIN TON	HEADHUNTER
9 FLIP	MANOBAV	ALTER TENT
10 NOMEANSNO	WHY DO THEY CALL ME MR...?	MATADOR
11 L2 PHAR	EXILE IN GUYVILLE	RUFFHOUSE
12 C.E.B.	COURTIN' ENDLESS BANK	ZOO
13 MATTHEW SWEET	ALTERED BEAST	MATADOR
14 BALKER SPACE	ROBOT WORLD	KILL ROCK STARS
15 UNWOUND	FARE BRAIN	AMPHETAMINE REFLEX
16 BOSS HOGS	GIRL POSITIVE	K
17 MECCA NORMAL	JARRIED UP	DRAG CITY
18 PALACE BROTHERS	THERE IS NO-ONE WHAT WILL...	WRONG
19 SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS	MAYBE IT'S JUST ME	EPIPHANY
20 PENNYWISE	UNKNOWN ROAD	DRAG CITY
21 SILVER JEWS	THE ARIZONA RECORD	VIRGIN
22 SMASHING PUMPKINS	SMASH DREAM	K
23 TIGER TRAP	TIGER TRAP	GEFFEN
24 URGE OVERKILL	SATURATION	FIFTH COLUMN
25 BAD RELIGION	RECIPE FOR HATE	SPARTA
26 CHEMAB	BURN OUT AT THE HYDROGEN...	WARRIOR
27 KICKING GIANT	HALO	MATADOR
28 THE CRAMERS	HARRY UP & WAIT	DRAG CITY
29 JUNGLE BROTHERS	J. BEEZ WIT THE REMEDY	
30 MOONSHAKE	EVA LUNA	
31 ROYAL TRIOX	CATS AND DOGS	

32 PAIN TEENS	DESTROY ME LOVER	TRANCE
33 BIKER-ROVER	NEVER LOSE THAT FEELING	CREATION
34 THE WALLER TRO	A THIRTY FISH	KUT
35 ENGINE KID	ASTRONAUT	C/Z
36 VERVE	A STORM IN HEAVEN	VERNON YARD
37 ZOGGY MARLEY AND THE...	JOY AND BLUES	VIRGIN
38 GREG GINN	GETTING EVEN	CRUZ
39 CAUSTIC RESIN	BOY LOVE BODY HATE	C/Z
40 THE BATS	SILVERSEET	MAMMOTH
41 FUGAZI	IN ON THE KILL TAXI	TOUCH AND GO
42 PHEG CAMP	YA' REE FAIR SCRATCH	CARGO
43 BAND OF SUSANS	VEIL	RESTLESS
44 DOG BOWL	PROJECT SUCCESS	SHIMMY-DISC
45 REVOLVER	COLD WATER FLAT	CAROLINE
46 JOHNNY	PROTEUSBURG	TRANCE
47 THE QUEERS	LOVE SONGS FOR THE RETARDED	LOOKOUT
48 SACRIFICE	APOCALYPSE INSIDE	METAL BLADE
49 CATARINE WHEEL	CHROME	MERCURY
50 SMOG	JULIUS CAESAR	DRAG CITY

SEPTEMBER 93 SHORT VINYL 35

1 BRAND NEW UNIT	SUMMERTIME 7	3 MIN MILE
2 STAND GI	TOASTING GEARS 7	EN GUARD
3 CLUTCH	PASSIVE RESISTANCE	RELATIVELY
4 REAL	NEVA AGAIN 1/2	EASTWEST
5 THE WOGGLES	THIRD RAIL 7	LANCE
6 CLUB	HOT DOG DAY 7	MINT
7 LEATHER UPPERS	FOUR SONG 7	FAMOUS
8 HARDSHIP POST	SUGARCANE 7	MAG WHEEL
9 GAME FACE	BEACH CHAIR 7	NET WORK
10 THURSH HERMIT	AMMO 7	CINNAMON TOAST
11 LES GLETTONES	FOURTYFIVE	CINNAMON TOAST
12 THE WORST	TUNES FROM THE TOMB	SCREAMING APPLE
13 JOYRIDE	SHE'S A REBEL 7	DOCTOR DREAM
14 THE KENT 3	I AM THE KING 7	GENERIC
15 APRIL MARCH	VOO DOO DOLL 7	KONKOP
16 SLEWORM	VIOLET 7	BLASTANT
17 LEONARD CONAN	PUR SLOP 7	CINNAMON TOAST
18 JUDGE NOTHING	FOUR SONG 7	MUD
19 THE BOPERS	SUNBATH 7	SLUMBERLAND
20 NIMROD ROUGHAGE	GETTING RAINED ON 7	SCRATCH
21 HOLY ROLLERS	WATCHING THE GRASS GROW 7	DISCHORD
22 THE HANGON BROTHERS	BRAD 7	WRONG
23 ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT	PIGEON EATER 7	MERGE
24 THE MOUNTAIN GOATS	CHLE DE ARBOL 7	AJAX
25 BOTTOM FEEDERS	TONGHT, GOLDEN CURLS 7	REKIDDS
26 JOYBANG	FOUR EYES 7	THIRD EYE
27 THE SPI MUFFINS	KIT PICKLES 7	DIAMANTE NEGRO
28 ST. JOHNNY	GO TO SLEEP 7	AJAX
29 GIRLS AGAINST BOYS	BULLETPROOF CUPID 7	TOUCH AND GO
30 TRULY	LESUE'S COUGHING UP BLOOD 7	SUB POP
31 THIRTY OUGHT SIX	HUCK 7	CANDY-ASS
32 THE SLEDE CHAIN	MISSISSIPPI 7	MUD
33 GALEN HEROD	MR. FROTIAN 7	BOAT
34 BRIGHT BLACK	BRIGHT BLACK 7	SOUTHERN
35 JEFFERIES & KILROY	CROSSOVER 7	AJAX

SEPTEMBER 93 INDIE HOME JOBS

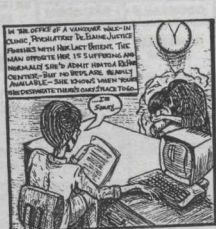
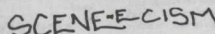
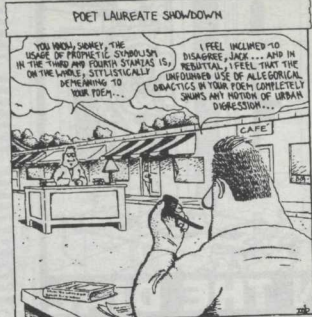
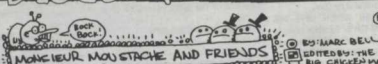
1 HORSEY	GO LIGHT
2 POOK OLD LU	BARTHOLOMEW JESSING
3 TIGER BEAT	ONE DOZEN HAPPY DAYS
4 THE MIMETRES	JULIUS EYES
5 COAL	ACE OF SPADES
6 SNUS BWW	SHRIEKING VIOLETS
7 LOTUS EATERS	GOD
8 CUSTERS LAST BANDSTAND	RETINAL AFTERIMAGE
9 QUAKHOGS	CHINA DOLL
10 TERROR 1 & THE BEAT ASSASSINATOR	TRUE 2 THA GAME
11 REAL MACKENZIES	PIERS
12 TOUCH AND GO'S	GOOD MORNING MIDDNIGHT
13 STRAIN	CATABACT
14 ROTORCLOUD	LET GO
15 TEN FEET TALL	ROUND ONE
16 SUBFOUSTERS	HEADLESS BATTALION
17 FIELD DAY	PET
18 ACUSTICALLY INCLINED	50 BUICKS
19 BROOKAS AREA	HALF IN LOVE
20 HONEY	PILLOW KNIVES
21 VINAGRETTES	I WAS SCARED
22 WINDWALKER	BLACKBIRD
23 REAL MACKENZIES	I AM A SCOT
24 UNGRATEFUL LIVING	BORN TO BE DEFILED
25 SNOWDOGS	MISUNDERSTANDING
26 GENETIC CONTROL	LOVE RAT
27 MEET DASH	GO GO ROUND
28 CRIST IN BLOOM	THROUGH YOU
29 HAZARD	BORING DAY IN THE PARK
30 PRISONERS	SEXY, HE AINT
31 GRAB	HARD ENOUGH TO SAY
32 ONDINE	YESTERDAY
33 MANIC OBSESSION	ANCIENT CELTIC DRINKING PARTY
34 BLASE PASCAL	SPOTLIGHT KIDS
35 INBRED	FINAL WORDS

GREYHAIRS REMEMBER DISCORDER CHARTS 10 YEARS AGO

1 BATHAUS	BURNING FROM THE INSIDE
2 KING SUNNY ADE	SYNCHRO-SYSTEM
3 ELVIS COSTELLO	PUNCH THE CLOCK
4 SURPLUS STOCK	DANCE ERSATZ
5 MALCOLM MCLAREN	DUCK ROCK
6 VIOLENT FEMMES	VIOLENT FEMMES
7 PETE SHELLEY	XLL
8 AZTEC CAMERA	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN
9 TALKING HEADS	SPEAKING IN TONGUES
10 MOFLUNGO	OUT OF LINE



DISCOMICS



Maestelau Sucks

2 6 0 7 A L M A
A T W . I O T H
2 2 2 2 6 6 9

ZULU records

1869 W 4th Ave.,
Vancouver, BC
V6J 1M4
CANADA
tel 604.738.3232

STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30 - 7:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30 - 9:00
Sat 9:30 - 6:30
Sun 12:00 - 6:00



THE NEWEST - THE COOLEST - THE ZULUEST



Yo La Tengo

• Shaker

Hoboken New Jersey's finest. A critics band, so sign up now. A simple, three-song sample of what good songwriting and a pure heart can do.

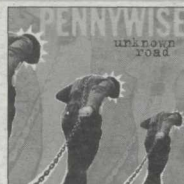
IMPORT
7.98cd

Jesus Lizard

• Lash

A long-time favorite, the Lizard lash out with this new EP. Using a studio/stage combo release, it's a tease of sorts, but these guys are psycho-freaks and this record will do some serious damage.

IMPORT (available mid sept)
7.98cd/5.98cass
9.98 triple vinyl 7" gatefold



Pennywise

• Unknown Road

Another in the long line of punk rock smash releases on Epitaph Records, Unknown Road picks up where Pennywise left off with their previous self-titled release. If you rock to Bad Religion, you should get Pennywise.

IMPORT
14.98cd/9.98cass

Tar

• Toast

Pulverising riffs, churning bass and a stop start precision that envelops you, picks you up and then slams you down, only to do it all over again and again and again. It feels soooooo good! That's Tar's Toast.

IMPORT (available mid sept)
14.98cd/9.98cass



Superconductor

• Hit Songs for Girls

I first heard it on a beach, then in a fast car, then my best friend told me about it. Now I wanna tell you about it, 'cos I know it's what you need, what we all need. A sunny ray on a bad day, and then some. Hey, these are hit songs for everyone.

14.98cd/8.98cass

Unrest

• Perfect Teeth

For all you Crest kids, worried about the decay of pop culture, Washington DC's Unrest provides an easy smile with another sample of deftly-crafted songwriting and worry-free jangles. Come to Zulu for a check-up!

IMPORT
12.98cd/8.98cass

Stereolab

• Transient

Fueled by their Moog grooves, angelic vocals, and spacey guitars, the Lab again weather themselves from the realm of banal English dream pop. A long player guaranteed to spin you to the moon!

IMPORT
14.98cd/9.98cass



Breeders

• Cannonball

Another batch of breathy pop songs from the Deal twins. Following last year's Safari, this one starts with a bang and floats over the three-rings below. Cotton candy not included.

7.98cd



Boss Hog

• girl+

A trident release! of bluesy jazzy noise that just rocks. Propelled by the sultry vocals of Cristina and the off-cuff blues licks of Jon Spencer, girl+ makes some crazy moves and locks you into the perfect groove. Boss Hog! thank you very much.

IMPORT
11.98cd

Orbital

• Orbital 2

Finally, the domestic release of the well-received second lp by one of the pioneer outfits of the ambient music scene. A hot item in high demand. Be the first on your block.

IMPORT
14.98cd/9.98cass

OFFICIAL ZULU GEAR!



The cap is back!

Now you can cover your upper body in official Zulu Records gear. The new, high-quality Zulu T-shirt is joined by the return of the classic Zulu Baseball cap. The cap, "known around the world," is 100% wool, and has the Zulu logo embroidered on the front by highly-trained craftspeople.

Tshirt \$10.98
Baseball Cap \$12.98

93 London UK
model N Mini
photo: Steve Page

IMPORT BLOW-OUT!

Zulu needs to clear out some stock to make room for a new pile of stuff. We stayed up all night to mark down hundreds of hard-to-find and one-of-a-kind cds. The prices have been slashed, most 50% off their regular Zulu price. Look for the yellow-ish stickers throughout the store. You won't see many of these titles ever again, so move fast or get left behind.

i

All sale price are in effect until September 30, 1993. So there, Zulu is also an official TicketMaster outlet. What more could you ask for?

NEW FROM ZULU

(THE LABEL)

Perfume
Tree
REMOTE
cd



Zulu Records would like to announce the imminent release of Perfume Tree's newest CD-EP "Remote". Available from all the usual outlets mid-September.

Perfume Tree Live!
September 12 • Graceland
\$5 advance / \$7 at the door